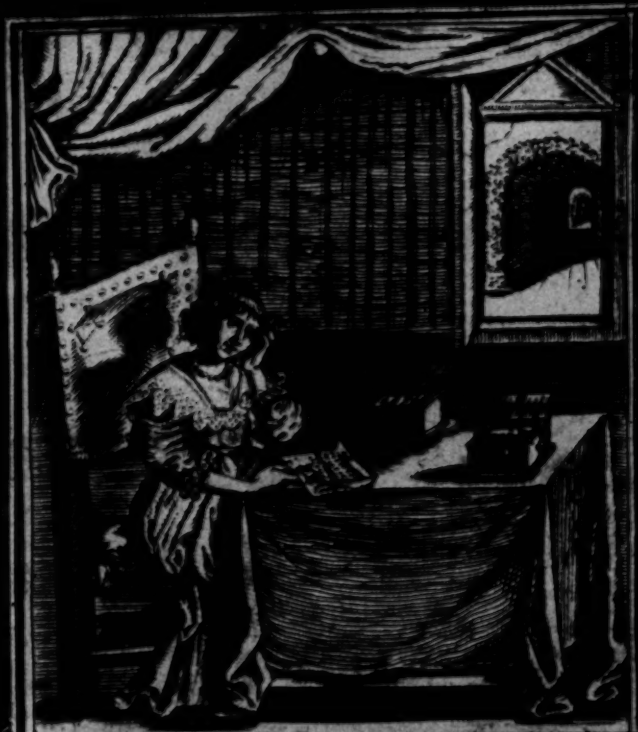


LOVE  
and  
VALOR.  
OR.

*The divers Affections of Minerva.*



Will Marshall Sculpsit.

London Printed by Th. Harper at the Sign of the  
The Signet. at his Shop in Duck Lane 1684.



28 MR 59

# LOVE AND VALOUR:

Celebrated in the person of the Author,  
by the name of **A D R A S T E**.

O R,

The divers affections of **M I N E R V A**.

One part of the unfained story of the true  
*Lisander and Caliste.*

Translated out of the French by *W. B.*



**L O N D O N,**

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Thomas Slater*, and  
are to be sold at his shop at the Swan in  
Duck Lane, 1638.







TO  
THE RIGHT  
WORTHY, AND MY  
Truely honoured Favourer, Sir  
PETER TEMPLE, Knight and  
Baronet.

Honoured Sir,



*Onsoever I have received  
more encouragement from  
your selfe alone, then all  
men living besides, had not  
my Author deemed his la-  
bour worthy the survey of  
so great a Prince, I should not have entitled  
you to my wortblesse labours in the conversion;  
since the difference between his originall, drawn  
by a free and art commanding hand, and my  
rough Copy being the first essay of my abilities*

Dedatory.

in this nature, may be more then the distance between your condition and a Princes. In supplyance of which defect, being unable to adde any thing but the bare figure of my devotion to serve you, it were but ill rhetoricke, and worse arithmeticke in me through many words multiplying ciphers, by ciphers to blot my paper with infinite nothings. Yet gracious Sir, I perswade me that I see, though I have not delivered in the booke, many lines and draughts resembling the patheticke facility and gentlenesse of our best writers: which draughts being but bare dissections, and curious anatomies of humane nature, it is impossible to be over-tedious, if pertinent therein. But I flourish as if I would say something, where I am in truth a sceptique ignorant, and doubting all things, but my own weaknesse and the strength of those affections borne your service;

Worthy Sir, by

your vertues honourer,

W. B.



To my Lord the  
**MONSIEVR.**  
Sole Brother to the King of  
FRANCE.

**M**Y Lord, so much is to be said in your commendations, as to forbear in so ample a subject of elocution, were rather an ingratitude then silence; and I never sparing of my praises in all mens merits, seeming to have refused them untill now to yours, shall doe much better here to confesse, then to defend my thanklesnesse. It is not my good Lord, but I have as much inclination to honour you, as I have cause, which is to have it in the greatest perfection that can be imagined; but the same instigation I have had to speake, hath made me still silent, and the greatnesse of the subject which had animated most, hath yet discouraged me. There is so farre a distance from your highnesse to my low.



lownesse, and twixt my own power and my will, as I deemed it a sinne against my knowledge, rashly to have undertaken a thing not possible to be performed, but in great imperfection: and that my enterprise would much rather have discovered my weakenesse then my intentions. Notwithstanding which my Lord, are they not the most rare affections which men testifie to their owne prejudice? how can I then more perfectly manifest mine, then at the dispense and disrepute of my knowledge? How can I better make seen to you the passions that I undergoe for your service, and for your glory then by the exposing them amidst my own weakenesses, and my defaults? This consideration my Lord hath changed my former feares into rashnesse, and hath made me so bold to undertake that, which I have not had the daring to thinke of: beleeving that if the execution were impossible, yet the enterprise was at least honourable, and by so much the fitter to manifest my devotions bent to you wards, as it beares me hood-winked beyond my knowledge and my power. But I am erred my good Lord even at the entry of my discourse, which beginning with your commendations, as the greatest and richest argument that could be chose, I know not how I have so suffered my selfe to be carried away with my passions, as I have said without thinking that which I would not, and have not yet spoke one word of what I would say. The cause of my erring is the boundlesse extent of my subject. Hardly could it be but I should lose me in a labyrinth,

rinth, from out of which it is so difficult to get; but the wonder is I have not entred it, and that in stead of loosing my selfe in search of the issue, I have erred at the entry without once having found the beginning. But indeed great Prince, where is there any beginning in things infinite? If I should begin at the greatnesse of your birth, and weigh you as Prince of the chiefest kingdome in the world, and Son and Brother to the two greatest Kings the earth hath ever bore; were I not diverted by the excellence of your admirable nature, by the exquisite education wherewith it is so happily propagate, and by the ample hopes you give both of the one and the other: what multitudes of other things might here be added in your commendations, did I not feare to doe them wrong, and loved I not more to honour them in silence, then to injure them by going about to speake their greatnesse: but reducing me to these three onely, and speaking but one word of each; what more excellent nature was there ever found in Prince, or more generous then yours? What *Achilles* fed with the marrow and pith of Lyons one day to subdue the force of *Hector*, does not give way to you as well in noriture, as courageous heart? And what hopes may we not well conceive from such and so magnanimous a Prince, as surpasseth the greatnesse of his birth by the excellence of his nature, and the excellence of his nature by the goodnesse of his noriture. But rising up to the fount head, and scorfe of your great Ancestors, and so descending by  
a the

the succession of so many Kings as have been since *S. Lewis*, to *Henry* the great, I not observe you onely as a green and flourishing branch of the stock of *Bourbon*, or as a Sience of that of *Anjou*, but as Sonne and Prince of *France*, that is to say, of the best house and most illustrious Empire of the world. What can I hope lesse, or the enemy feare more, then some still, and unexpected enterprise mannaged with no lesse silence and privacie, even to the entire and generall conquest of all such authority as strangers doe usurpe from us: victories seeming as incident unto the house of *Bourbon*, as crowns seem destinated unto that of *Anjou*. *Charles* the brother of *Lewis* was the first of this family crowned King of *Naples*, *Sicile*, and *Ierusalem*. *Lewis*, brother to *Charles* the wife, and first Duke of *Anjou*, went to take possession of those kingdomes with 30000 horse. And in our times the last *Henry* of the house of *Valois*, being then Duke of *Anjou*, and brother to *Charles* the ninth, was crowned almost against his will King of *Poland*. But the most honourable titles of all these Kings, were yet to be brothers to the Kings of *France*. For this cause only was it that *Henry* rather chose the quality of Duke of *Anjou* in *France*, then that of King of *Poland*. And for the same reason as well he as *Francis* his brother, being but Princes of *France*, did precede the dead King your father, when as he was but King of *Navarre*: which I speake but by the way my Lord, to let you see how much this dignity of brother to the King ought be esteemed by you before all  
the



the Scepters and the Crowns of the whole earth. Be it then that you would regain you the antient possession of your inheritance in *Italy*, the remembrance of *Charles* the eighth, of *Lewis* the ninth, and of *Francis* the great, causeth the Alpes as yet to tremble. Be it that you would passe to *Constantinople*, the eastern Empire conquered, and possessed by the French, doth there (with all feare) still redoubt their very name. If you would yet thrust further, and as farre as *Palesfine*, the same French have conquered and possessed that also you may affright the Sultans of *Egypt*, and the Morés in *Affrick*, by the sole memory of *S. Lewis*. In what part soever of the world fate calleth you, thither may the renown of your predecessors open you a passage; No mountain is so steep that will not stoop below your feet, nor sea so enraged and impetuous, as not to be appeased and humbled beneath your sailes. Go on great Prince under the name and armes of that great King, to whom onely you ought rest a subject. Goe and happily re-enter on the possession of so many Realmes. Eface by your immortall acts, & those in the end worthy a *Gaston* of *France*, the glorious memory and illustrious name of *Gaston* of *Foix*. Make seen there is as much difference between your valour and your renown and his, as there is between his condition and his house and yours. 'Tis said, *Alexander* intending to passe into *Asia*, there was one of the statues of *Orpheus*, whose forehead stood with sweat, from whence the *Augures* drew a presage that he should there bring so great things

things to passe, as should produce sweat on the  
browes of such Poets and Musicians, as should de-  
sire to relate them. May you great Prince, beare  
Armes more farre then *Alexander*, and do those  
deeds as the admiration and astonishment thereof  
may render men mute, and statues speaking, that  
after I have been often covered with sweat in the  
pursuit of the thunder of your Armes in battell; I  
may again sweat within their triumphs, singing  
the hymnes of your so glorious victories. So as I  
may from out those large extended wings wher-  
on Renown it selfe ought beare your glory, draw  
a quill best capable of their description, and  
which supplying the imperfections of this book,  
(that I purpole to the eternity of your memory)  
may leave to posterity, works more worthy your  
name, and the desire I have to signallize me

*My Lord*

*Your most humble, most obedient,*

*and thrice affectionate servant,*

*D' AUDIGIER.*



A.

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**M**INERVA commeth to sollicite her suits in Paris, is beloved of Balamyr, Crassus, Arnolphus, and Adraste, but loveth onely Arnolphus. The disfavour of Adraste, causeth that of Crassus, Adraste desirous to give a Serenade to Minerva, accompanied with Periste and Oristene, runneth a dangerous Misfortune. Page 1

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*He complaines of the indifference of his Mistris.* 129

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and manifesteth the excellence of his Love, above all  
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*He*

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He excuseth himselfe for putting his Mistris in col-  
ler, by preferring a just complaint unto her, and pro-  
testeth that he will never more complain. since he seeth  
he cannot complaine, without giving her offence. 146

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Hee endeavours to maintaine a wager hee had pro-  
pounded to have lay'd, that hee would write no more to  
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don for it. ibid.

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Hee makes answer to a complaint shee had made of  
him, for his silence, and not writing. 159

Vpon some discontent a little before his departure. 160

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The Reply, 162

Being returned to Paris, he found that his Mistresse  
had harkened to some ill reports of him, whereof hee  
complaineth, and for that she had taken from him such  
houres of visitation, as he had hardly acquired to give  
them to another. The first occasion of breach betweene  
them,

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Vpon that shee had answered to his former Letter, how she was inforced to her griefe, to suffer unpleasing company, and that she was sorry she could not admit of his entertainment, as she would. He returnes that the party whom shee faigned her to be unable to be rid of, was rather commanded to stay, purposely to keep him off. And that he needed not his assistance in such case, knowing well that she might absolutely command, and forbid him what she pleased, in full assurance to be obeyed.

166

He complains of the languishing he suffers in her absence, and entreats her presence of her, as the onely thing sufficiently able, to chase her image from his thoughts.

168

He begs of God, hee will inspire him with words of force to make her more favourable. And he complains, that hee had beene made to attend all the day for an Answer.

169

She answers to his precedent Letter, that she knowes not what to say or send word of, and complains much of the importunity of those that visit her,

170

He replies, that if she knows not what to say or send him word of, he knowes lesse what to do.

171

Hee praies her not to loose her peace of minde in the affaires, wherein she is busied. And so falls in discourse of his passions, and sufferings for her love.

ibid.

She answers, that if he knew how much she partakes in his sufferings, hee would rather lament her then himselfe, and that no one should ever esteeme better of his merits, nor so cherish his affections, as herselfe.

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Hee sayeth that it is imposs.ble hee should undoe him from



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from the thoughts, that have undone him Represents to himselfe the time he hath lost, in serving her, what she hath taken from him, and what shee hath yet left him. And concludes, that it is high time that he retire all naked as he is, to some desert, whither her image shall not be able to pursue him further. But that all this discourse vanissheth on her presence. 176

He complains that they would debar his visits on the passion weeke, and that it was not a generall rule: but his greatest grieve was, to leave her in the hands of her enemies, whose drifts he discovereth to her, and offers himselfe to undertake them. 178

Having fought this morning upon the occasion spoken of in the former Letter, and having astonisht his Mistresse, by the recitall of so unlooked for an action, he writes to her that her astonishment caused him to judge that she hoped some better end, or feared a worse. And shewes that neither the one, nor the other, could be. 179

He complains that she had judged amisse of a good action. Saith that hee beleev'd that shee had seene the man of whom hee spake, and got from him the confession shee desired. How conformable which was to his words, hee should finde when she should fulfill hers. And that hee nere should rest, till hee had made him avow the truth. 181

He saith that he hath something to say to her which he had not yet sayd, for that whatsoever hee premeditated to tell her in absence, flies his memory when she is present. Represents to her his languishings and the put offs, wherewith shee had from time to time protracted him, yet without complaint, for that loving her  
b with

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with an extraordinary affection, hee was well pleased to testifie it by respects in common. 183

Hee persisteth still in the discourse of his languishings, and some others which hee framed in walking alone along the Seine. At last hee concludes absence, for absence, it were more supportable, farre off then neere, and that the more hee deferreth, the more hee draweth out in length the violence of his torments and vexations. 185

He conjures her take some pittie on his languishings, and not still to detain him in the solitude shee had the day before. Complaines that he having so little time to spend with her, should waste it so ill, that he abides here but onely for the sight of her, and yet hee sees her not, but amongst such company as doe deprive him of her sight. 188

Vpon a quarrell which he had had on her occasion, of which shee had endeavoured an accord, upon some tearmes. Hee intreats her to pardon him if so be he would not endure that it should be conceived in that manner. 189

Being pressed to an honourable agreement, and threatned with her disfavour, in case he should refuse, he saith that shee urged him to a thing that she would upbraid him with so soone as he had done it. Notwithstanding which, he would consent to whatsoever shee should doe, to testifie his obedience to her. 190

Vpon some coldnesse in his Mistresse, he saith that he dares not so much as send to her house to know when she will be pleased he may come thither. Nor yet can he but doe it, having so little time to live neere her, 191

Vpon

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Vpon a promise she had made him to afford him her company and entertaine, at 5 of the clocke, he sent to see if her watch were not stayd or put backe, or if shee had not yet againe some other demurre, to put him off to another time. 192

He excuseth himselfe of an action to which the violence and indiscretion of a bad woman, had born him, in the lodging and presence both, of his Mistresse, for which he humbly entreateth her, either to pardon, or punish him. So taking againe a discourse in hand that he had left, he humbly entreats her to weigh the importance of it, and to afford him one-houre upon that subject. 193

*The Answer.* 195

*The Reply on the same occasion.* ibid

He saith that he will write to her continually, since she hath commanded it, and will never lament him, for that she hath forbade it. Confesseth that he wants the good parts might oblige her to wish him well, and that he hath but too many ill ones, to merit her bad usage, saith that all things worke according to their properties, and that he having a heart of flesh, and she one of stone, it must be that she should be as insensible of his affections, as he is quickly sensible of hers. 196

Shee answers that the cause why shee prayd him to write, was, that her deserts could not be commended, but by the judgment he gave thereof. That she sorrowed that a passion so worthily entertained, should be for a subject so incapable of the acknowledgment. 198

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give him leave to come and learne at hers, the subject for which shee desired hee should become passionate, according to her promise to him. 199

Hee saith that if hee did not by obedience, what hee also doth through affection, hee knowes not why hee should write to one that is as litle mov'd by his letters, as the posts and corners of the walls, to which our Bills be usually fixed. That instead of animating an image, and rendring it sensible of his passions, he hath rendred her sencelesse, by the vertue of his sighes. And of a heart of flesh he hath made one of impenetrable stone. 200

Having forborne three dayes without writing backe one word to him, (whatsoever may be sayd in her answer) for missing this morning, shee seems astonisht at his silence, and commandeth him to aske her pardon for it. 202

After so many complaints and delays thereon, upon which hee had resolved to speake no more, then in one Letter, he intended to send her on his departure, he yet gives her answer, and bids her farewell. ibid.

Meeting him yet by chance, and being made friends, she failes againe of her promise to him, which obligeth him to breake with her once for all, and send her this his last farewell. 206

The Answer,

210

His Mistris being informed hee was in blacks, tooke occasion to write word unto him; by which she condoled with him the new affliction she beleev'd had beene befallen him. ibid.

After having a long while disputed with himselfe whether hee should answer her Letters, or not, he tels her

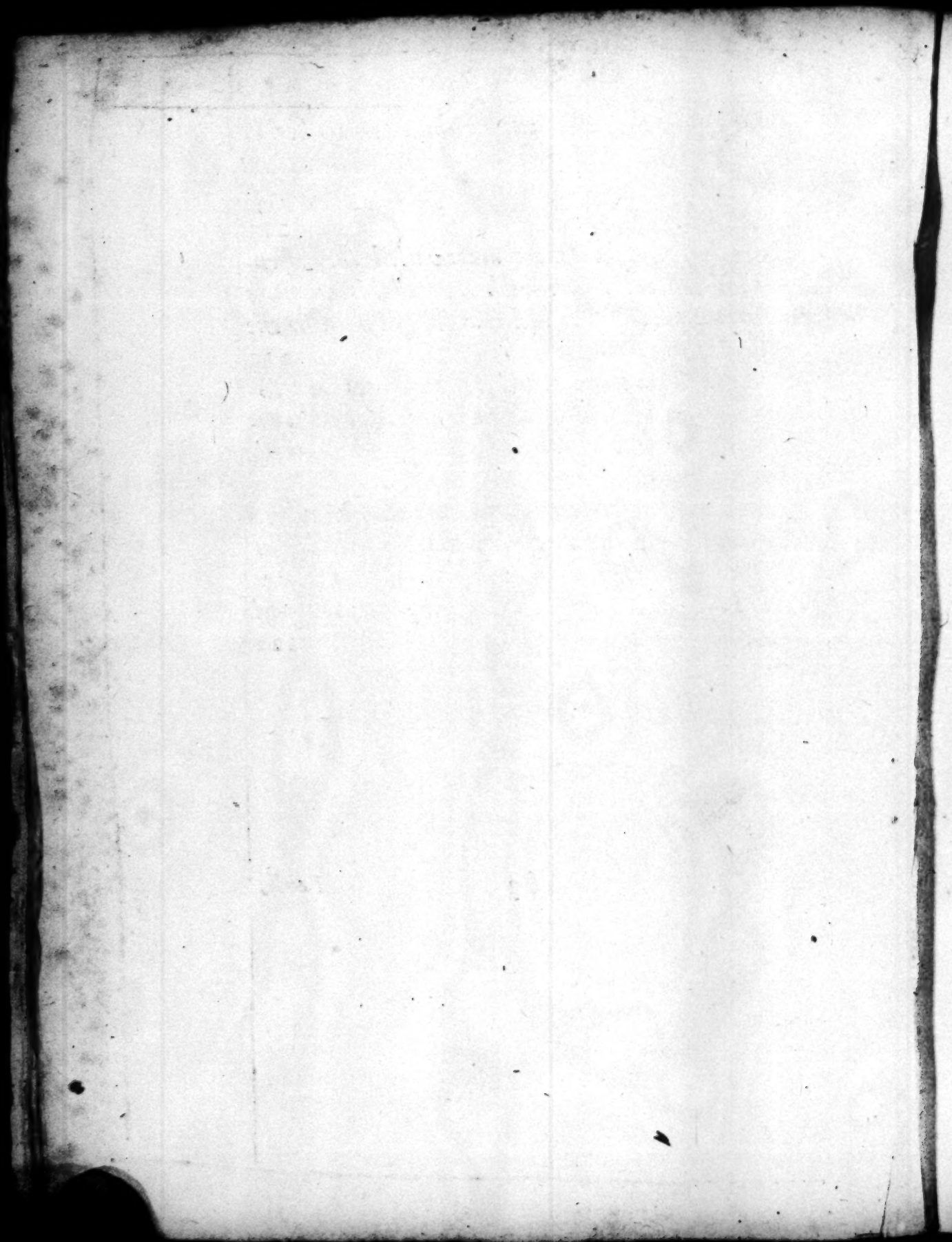
## The Contents.

her that besides the afflictions hee under goes for her, he  
sighted all such as could happen to him. That he could  
not beleev'e that she condole'd the ills, she d'ily augmen-  
ted. And wherefore he beleev'd so. 211

She replies, that she is more amazed then offend-  
ed at his Letter, and wisheth that all his vanities  
were in that paper, so the end they obliged no other one  
to answer them. 213

He answers her threats, and to the vanities she accu-  
sesh him of, in a stile altogether estranged from the re-  
spect he had wont to render her, though not from his  
discretion. 214

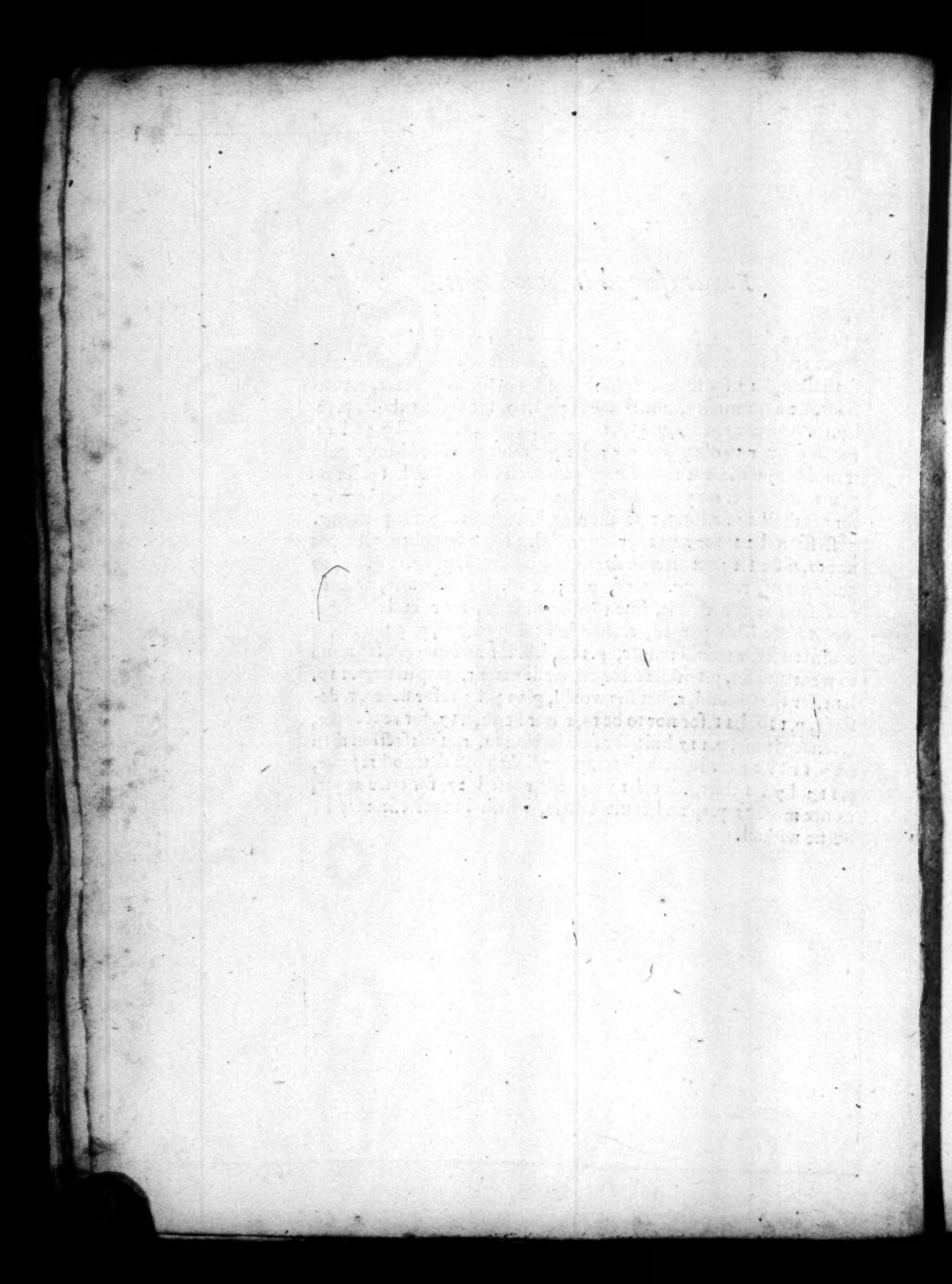
He answers to certaine complaints that Minerva  
had made some while after, as well to his friends, as  
himsel' of his indifference, and sheweth that it was  
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*Faults escaped in some Copies.*

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*Love and Valour:*

OR:

*The divers affections of*

**MINERVA.**

*The Argument.*

*Minerva commeth to sollicite her suits in Paris, is beloved of Balamyr, Crassus, Arnolphus, and Adralte, but loveth onely Arnolphus. The disfavout of Adralte, causeth that of Crassus, Adralte desirous to give a Serenade to Minerva, accompanied with Periste and Oustene, runneth a dangerous misfortune.*

**CHAP. I.**



**D**Id I desire to frame the foundations of a true story upon a tale, I might say the earth never produced the equall of *Minerva*, and deriving her originall from heaven, it were not onely a lye, but blasphemy to bring her backe againe to earth. So then

B

let



let us not speake untruths for feare of lying, nor let us blaspheme for feare of blasphemy; fable hath no part in this discourse, the Star by which I meane to steere my course, being truth it selfe. This here is not that *Minerva* the Goddesse, but a woman whose cleere minde and brave spirit hath acquired her the name of that *Pallas* president of Art and Armes; her birth was not of the head of *Iupiter*, but of an illustrious family, the worth whereof hath beene ere whiles graced with the most honourable charges of this Realm, her father having left her very young, she was married at 9 yeeres old to a husband but of eleven; and as the one nor the other were then capable of love, they produced no other but hate. Her desire to be divorced from one she loved not, caused her come to sollicite her affaires at *Paris*, where her beauty did acquire her rather servants then Iudges; and where her youth more proper to the exercises of love, then businesse of law, rendred her apter to hearken to the suits of her servants, then to give care to, or prosecute her necessary suits. I know not whether she were cruell or favourable on their behalfe, but certaine am I that the *Sejan* horse was never more unhappy to his Masters, then she to some of her servants. Whilest she followed her affaires, *Balamyr* was the first of whose service she admitted. I have heard him say, she esteemed more of his valour, then she loved his person, and that her vanity to captivate so great a courage, caused her suffer the importunity of his pursuit, their love became

became hatred: *Balamyr*, were it through judgement of inconstancy, with, or without cause, quit her for another Mistress, and was unlamented of *Minerva* sometime after slaine. But she continued not without a servant, for she wonne on all she would, and she would win on all she could: and for all that she complained here sometimes of the miserable conquests she made against her will. She made no acquisition but to her profit, and wherewith she served not her selfe in some designe or other. See here the cause why she contemned not the affection of *Crassus*, howsoever his ill shape, and worse favour, rendred him sufficiently contemptible. But *Arnolph* was he that most feelingly touched her to heart, all the rest were amorous of her, and she only of him. It was not that his services or quality obliged her to love him more then ordinary: it was a certain inclination proceeded of the sympathy in their wils, and I know not what feminine humour more taken with a soothing observance, or handsome legge making, then with all the faire qualities or good parts can be in a man, or the faith-fullest services that can be rendred them. Many others fell into the snares of *Minerva*, whose vulgar affections merit not a particular history, but she kept alwaies a kinde of order in the receipt of such as she intended to inregister in number of her subjects: for when she began to favour *Arnolph*, she was fallen off with *Crassus*, and never was reunited during the life of *Arnolph*. Notwithstanding she accepted of *Adraste*, when she

was yet ingaged, and suffered that he sighed for her, whilst she languished for another. But *Adras*te accompanied his affection with so much respect, as sufficed to have begotten pride even in humility it selfe, and besides was so sensible of offences, and so tenderly feeling the least coldnesse, that he would not have suffered them from a Goddesse, which was the cause that at some time or other he spoiled all his Mistresses, and then that he undid himselfe too: for that seeming not so much to love as to adore them, he so raised their haughty humour and naturall vanity above the condition of their sexe, and gave them so absolute an Empire, as himselfe was not able to live under, so as he lost often by impatience, what he had acquited by much passion: he threw well, but he plaid his game ill. The first occasion of breach between him and *Minerva*, was but flight, and more capritious then reasonable: as for the most part there appeares in the proceffe of love, more rage then reason, but it was followed by a mistake that is very pleasant. *Adras*te being at *Minerva*'s, with one *Thyman* a fine companion, & of a good wit, whom *Minerva* not disliked of: after having entertained them sometime in a low room, shee intreated them up the stairs, which were at the going out of the room, of sufficient breadth for two, but too narrow for three. When *Minerva* being about to ascend, observed them both, looking one or the other of them would take her by the hand, and seeing both to recoile and step back, she goes up her selfe foremost,



most, as to shew them the way. *Adraste* forbore to take her hand, for that it seemed to him she had first looked on *Thymon*, and *Thymon* abstained to assist her, out of respect to *Adraste*, who turning about, got him out of doors, laying nothing to one or other, but went his way. There was nothing but love, & that in cholere could cause him commit so great a discourtesie: *Minerva* marvelled not a little, and *Thymon* was more astonished at it. But *Adraste* went not alone, for the vexation he bore along with him, made the greater part of himselfe. After a profound consideration of the fury of his disease, accusing yet his Mistresse of his owne fault, he resolved with himself to complaine, and found not a better meanes to mitigate his griefe, then (if it might be,) to disburthen himselfe of it upon paper, he wrote to *Minerva*, *That since for honouring her without any obligation, she had slighted him without cause, making him undergoe such punishments as hee was unworthy of, in place of the recompence he merited; hee was resolved to keepe his services for other favours, since she kept her favours for other Lovers. I know well said hee, that this will adde to your contentment, and still more aggravate my discontents: but the more violent they shall be, the lesse lasting you had not been so ill to me, had you not found mee still so good, but how ever it be the effect of a low spirit; to take occasion from the goodnesse of any one to use them ill, I never yet shall alter mine, to revenge me ought of your bad usage. I doe confesse that I thus breake with you. in the most extremity of griefe I ever suffered yet, or ever can*

and which I never shall recover whilst I live, and that if the wounds of the minde endure after death, eternitie it selfe must onely be the rearme of their continuance. But I shall chuse to breath my afflictions elsewhere, or smother them in my owne breast, or that they smother me, then to increase them daily with new indignities. And if you wonder that I have taken so small an occasion, having heretofore passed by so great ones, remember that they are not the greatest sicknesses, but they are the last that doe bring death: and that it is no marvell that so slight a disfavours succeeding so many other insupportable ones, should now conclude the losse of what you have so many times neglected. Hee gave this Letter to a servant that *Minerva* knew not to belong to him, with his commands, that so soon as hee had delivered it to her own hands, he should not stay for her answer. It was done just as he willed, this man went his way to *Minerva*, to whom presenting the Letter, he told her, that his Master most humbly kissed her hands; Who is he? said she. Madam answered he, that you shall finde in his Letters. Have a little patience then answered *Minerva*, which saying, she stepped into her Cabinet, as well to peruse as to write an answer to her Letter, when she saw it was not signed, the desire and impatience she formerly had to know the Author of it, was now by the difficultie redoubled. She staid upon it some time to bethink her if she could divine therof by the character. At last, being able to gather nothing from thence, she commanded that they made the messenger

messenger come in, but they found that hee was already gone, and with such haste, as all sight of him was lost. As yet, had *Adraste* never wrote unto her before this time, and *Minerva* not thinking that shee had given him any cause of dislike, no way suspected him for this Letter. But *Crassus* being discontented at her, and shee yet much more offended at *Crassus*, shee imagined it an effect of his ill will. And thereupon writing back to him in the heat of her choler, and despight, and in the rage and violence of her first motions, shee returned him the most bloody and injurious Letter, that a furious and revengfull woman could bethink her of against a man. So as *Monsieur Crassus* that had been before offended by her, and expected rather to be satisfied, farre from what he looked for, received an amends much worse then the offence. In the mean while, was *Adraste* unable to suffer the absence of his Mistris, and yet was unhappily banisht her presence, hee desired with all impatience to see her, yet obstinately shunned he all occasions of seeing her, seeking and fearing in one and the same time to meet her, a troublesome passion that brings us to will, and not to will in the same time one and the same thing. In matter of love a diverting on some other object, is no little helpe; *Adraste* endeavoured what he could to divert himselfe, and thinking to lose the remembrance of his malady, found it even in the same divertisement. Hee went to see a friend of his called *Periste*, that tooke him along to supper with him in the Suburbs of *Saint*

*Germain*.



*Germans*, with a certaine Gentlewoman named *Oristene*, to oblige him by a double pleasure he added to the daintinesse of their fare, the delight of Musicke joyning with 4 or 5 Lutes, as many excellent voyces, of which *Oristennas* was the most excellent. All which did but more ripen the griefes of *Adraсте*, and by the object of such felicity, but represent the more to him his unhappinesse. It was that time of the yeare when the longest daies make the evenings most delightfull, and dispose lovers still to give or receive your *serenades* or evening musickes, which awakened a marvellous desire in the heart of *Adraсте*, to present *Minerva* with one. All the company agreed to it, *Oristena* her self would make one of the party, which that she might doe with the more convenience, she changed the attire of her sex, and put on mans apparell. They set her on a foot cloth nag, and all the rest; beating along on the hoofe, they left her lodging, just as the day left our horizon. *Oristene* lodged in the most remote quarters of the suburbs, and *Minerva* in the middest of the City, so as to goe from the one to the other, the directest way was through *S. Germans* street: when they were come so farre as the Well in that street, some 50 paces from the Abby, *Oristena* calling to her Page, which indeed was but a Laquay, was by her voyce knowne of some 4 or 5 that would needs lay hands on her horse bridle. The Musicians who were they that were neereft to her, having drunk too much, and not understanding things aright, began to draw their

their swords, and charge upon them. These Roysters defended themselves, and but for *Adraste* that opposed himself unto their weapons, and making some by good words, others by threats retire, appeared the first tumult, there had been some extraordinary hurt done. They sheathed all their swords but one onely, that looked as if he would have eat them all at a bit. *Adrastes* choler rose then above his wisdom, to curbe; and doe you only Sir said he, forbear notwithstanding the wary example of your fellowes, and therewithall passed 5 or 6 thrusts just at the throat of him, and with so ready and able a pursuit, as the other warding and giving backe, without having leisure to strike one stroke, or speake a word, found himself retired so far as the *Serjeants* barres, which is at the end of that street: and then Sir said he, what injury have I done you? you have not put up your sword for love said *Adraste*, which I by force will now make you sheath: that needs not Sir, I will put it up upon your word Sir, replied he: do so then answered *Adraste*, or you are but dead: he sheath his weapon, and thereupon *Adraste* returned towards his friends, and the other followed him, who desired likewise to finde his. So soone as they came neer the Well where they had left them, *Adraste* found not any of his company, but in place, two men bearing a third under the armes, who as be-moaning himselfe, cryed with a faint and dying voyce, I am slain: he that followed *Adraste*, knowing they were his friends, one of which

was run thorow the body, drew his sword on *Adrasfe*, and tilting at his back, cryed out, the mur-  
therer, the murtherer, this is he that did it: wher-  
upon all the others at once fell upon him, and the  
hurt man not able to do more, fell a crying, kill,  
kill, kill. *Adrasfe* had much better have returned  
toward the Abby, then have gone forwards, for  
he had not found any other to encounter, then he  
that followed him, who would nere have stood  
him, but desiring to overtake his company, and  
beleeving that they were got into the City by  
*S. Germans* gate, in pursuit of their first intenti-  
ons, he flew amongst the thickest of them before  
him, who made him way, on the violence of his  
fury, and having let him passe, followed him full  
close along the butchery, did he not finde thinke  
you, his legs more usefull to him then his armes?  
*Adrasfe* had a little English foot-boy, who was  
by when the man was run thorow, and having  
seen part taking on all sides but his Masters, stood  
him close up at a Butchers dore, with a bottle of  
wine in his hand, which he set down so soon as  
he see his Master so pursued, and suddenly run-  
ning from his place, cryed out, courage Sir, here  
be all your friends; which words so replaced the  
heart of *Adrasfe* in his body, and put such afright  
in his enemies, as they all turned their backs so  
soon as he turned head upon them. For they all  
thought it true *Adrasfe*, for that he desired it, and  
they because they feared that *Adrasfe* having cau-  
sed them to flee that had pursued him, and liking  
better of their rooms then companies, demanded



of his boy what was become of *Periste*, *Oristena*, and the rest that he left there. In good faith Master, said he, I know not, but seeing you so hardly put to it, I thought it best to say they were all here. It was not ill done, said *Adrasse*, but let us go see if they be not gone into the City. As they went, the whole suburbs were in tumult, for these villaines in flying, had given the alarm every where, crying out, that they massacred *Monsieur*, the Princes officers, so as all was in rout, in hubbub, and affray, which made *Adrasse* make more haste to the gate of the City, hoping that his company were already entred, and that himself should finde with them more assurance there, then without in the suburbs. But he found the gates already shut, and one of his Chanters on the bridge, like another *Orpheus* at the gates of hell, but that he intreated *Pluto* to let out to him *Euridice*, and others here begged leave of the Porter to let him into the City. *Adrasse* asked him what he made there, what was become of the company, and wherefore they had all left him so. I know nothing as concerning your two last demands said he, but to the first I stay here to have them open me the gate, for me thinks the whole suburbs are raised upon us, and would to God I were gone with the losse of my Lute. As he yet talked, they perceived a company of some 30 or 40 persons that came towards them, by the light of ten or a dozen torches that were carried before them. So soon as *Adrasse* saw them, he conceived that they were people assem-

bled together to take him, and fearing to be so surprised against a gate that was shut against him, not having ell where passage then amongst them, he resolved to make himselfe way by his sword, as he had done a little before, but with as much more apparence of danger, as here were many more people: he expected to be slain, but he chose rather to dye, then to be taken. Wherefore looking amongst them, and making a flourish with his sword naked in his hand, he rushed through the middest of this multitude, as it had been a mad man. Never in his life was *Adraste* so happy, all this heard of people fled, some here, and some there, and gave him no lesse room then the whole street; he passed them like thunder, and fled much marvelled at so admirable a successe: he need not feare following, for the others fled as fast on the other side. But there were so great a number of them, that (not seeing any offence neer them when he was gone) they took hart at grasse, as we say, and finding the Musician and Laquay that had not the heart to flye, they laid hands on them. Note that it was a band of Comedians going to act before *Monsieur* the Prince, accompanied with many others, as well women as men, who thinking of nothing lesse then of the adventure of *Adraste*, were put in greater afright then he. The Musician thought himselfe already hanged, and the foot-boy at least fled alive; but seeing themselves not accused for having kild or hurt any one, and that they were onely demanded, who this mad man was that

that had so furiously routed them, they escaped by denyall, and were quit by saying they knew nothing of the matter. *Adraste* in the mean time went his way backe all alone to the house of *Ori- stene*, where he found that *Periste* had brought her back again, yet shaking with the feare this accident had caused in her. Well said *Periste*, so soon as he saw *Adraste* enter, much mooved with fortunes he had run; I beleve it will be this two dayes before you desire again to give your *Serenades* or your *Aubades* more to *Minerva*. I am now ready as ever to return, answered *Adraste*, but I assure you it shall be alone, for either I will ingage me in no quarrells, or I will not leave my friends engaged in them after I have my self begun them, which I speake not concerning you, for besides that as I know well that you began not this, so had you enough to do to disingage *O- ristene*; But was it possible that four or five rascals should so easily rout so many honest good fellows? As you betook you to your sword against that angry blade that would by no meanes sheath up his, said *Periste*, his companions likewise took them to theirs, I seeing them to runne after you, threw the formost of them to the earth with a thrust I made, which stayed and took them all short up. Indeed we were the greater number, but the most of us had no other weapons then their Lutes, which they threw away the better to flye. Whilest they made away, and the others took up their hurt man, I had the opportunity to bring back *Ori- stene*. You have done



what you ought, and I what I could said *Adraste*, assuring you that I beleeve there was never Knight errant that in one evening had two such adventures or so strange as I have had since supper; nor know I well if I may dare to tell them, since I can hardly beleeve them my selfe. Then discoursed he to them what had happened to him, and they knew not, lessening yet the number of those through whom he had forcibly passed, for feare they should think it but a tale. But the Musician and footman which he beleeved dead, or at the least prisoners, upon the conclusion of his story arriving, no little renewed his wonder, for he could not imagine how they had escaped. But how went you to work said he, for I left you invironed by fifteen or twenty people, from whom I scarce hoped that ever you or my selfe should have gotten free. Indeed Sir said the boy, they were 30 of them or more, but they dreamt not of you, and they had more feare in them then they could put you in. And then the Musician told them that they were certain Comedians followed by many Lawyers and other gowned people, the most part of whom took their wives along with them to the play, which was to be acted at *Monsieur* the Princes Court. I wondred indeed how I came so valiant, answered *Adraste*, but now the marvell is over since I finde with what manner of people I had to doe. To all this discourse poore *Oristine* said never a word, though she thought nere the lesse, doubting much that she should pay deere for this piece  
of

of folly, as indeed she did : for the next day *A-  
draste* and *Perisse* having taken leave of her, the  
Kings Officer in those cases, failed not to visit her  
house, letting her understand, he would informe  
against the ryot committed the evening before,  
and to garnish his Majesties pockets, as the  
French hath it, began with the seizure of her  
goods. But not to make a *starre-Chamber* suit of  
this in place of a love story, we will leave *Orissi-  
ne* to her suits, and follow the affections of *Mi-  
nerva*.

CHAP. II.

The

A. yet even at this time: but as he had said, so it was

and he was not to be blamed for it: but as he had said, so it was

and he was not to be blamed for it: but as he had said, so it was

and he was not to be blamed for it: but as he had said, so it was

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## CHAP. II.

**N**O misfortune but may bring good to some, the disparagement of *Ori- stene*, was cause of the reconcilia- tion of *Adraste* with *Minerva*. She for *Adrastes* sake, took some pains on the behalf of *Ori stene*, and then could *Adra- ste* do no lesse then go home to her, and thank her for it, where a peace was no sooner treated then concluded. Hee craved pardon for his Letter, which, was indeed to excuse him of a fault that none knew that he had done; so *Minerva* recoun- ted to him the mistake that it had caused her to make. Though she loved not *Adraste*, yet shee liked well to retain him for a friend, or at least not



not to have him as an enemy, so as for sometime he governed her very peaceably, by day he walked with her to the Gardens of *Ruel*, and those of *Saint Germans*, and by night he accompanied her to the accustomed places of bathing by moon-shine at the *Tournelles*, and afterwards having carried her back to her house, and passed the most of the night with her, he usually retired all alone, without light from the one end of the City to the other. Of 1000 men scarce shall ye finde one that would for 1000 women, do what he did for this one. Notwithstanding one conge, one salute of *Arnolphe* wayed more in the estimation of *Minerva*, than all the services of *Adraste*. After some time, debating the matter with him, she confessed to him, what indeed she could not deny. The same passion you have for me, said she, I have for him, and sigheth as often for his love, as yeu for mine. But I tell you a secret, I should be loth he should discover, & I swear to you by the love I beare him, that he hath never received the satisfaction therein which you have had, nor once hath hee pretended to it, however you have received but what I might with mine honour, grant. *Arnolphe* was a stranger, without name, quality, or estate, that entertained *Minerva* with discourses of his own lightnesse, inconstancy, and the Trophes he reared therby to his vanity, yee, even to the prejudice of that discretion, ought to be used in like cases. But she, as if shee had had power to render him as well faithfull, as loving, beleevd that he would become better to her, than God

himself had made him, lived enchastr'd with-  
 in the circle of a faith much more amorous then  
 reasonable. *Adraste* told her all these things, and  
 that he much marvelled that already having bin  
 deceived by one inconstant man she could yet a-  
 gain set her affections, on an other more to be  
 doubted then the first. But said she, this is bad  
 Rhetorick in you, to speak ill, with intention to  
 cause me wish you well. I cannot be so perfect as  
 you goe about to make me helter-skelter of my selfe, if  
 so I have not judgement sufficient to make an e-  
 lection worthy me. And grant that he wanteth  
 all those qualites you speake of, yet ought not  
 my affection to be the lesse, that is not tyed at all  
 unto the qualities and fortunes of a man, but  
 meerely to his vertues and his demerits. Then  
 did *Adraste* take the course is feldome used a-  
 mongst Rivals; Since it is so said he, that your  
 will and pleasure beares you to this, I will by no  
 meanes stand in opposition: It being altogether  
 reasonlesse, that you having the power you have  
 upon my liberty, should not have the like upon  
 your own. In my example you shall see a lover,  
 that doth for the love of his Mistresse, love his  
 rivall. I will for your love serve him, to the end  
 that you even for his sake shall beare me some  
 good will. But yet remember you, that there shall  
 be no justice left in heaven, if for the faithfull  
 love of a slave that doth adore you, you endure  
 not the shamefull tyrannies of a faithlesse and  
 impetuous Master, and in place of that eternity  
 of divine honours, and everlasting faithfulnessse  
 which

which I vow to you, you drown not your life in  
 endlesse sorrowes, and soile not your name with  
 as many infamous scandals (An unfortunate pre-  
 sage, that yet did prove more true). Howsoever  
*Minerva* loved *Arnolph* deedly, yet could she not  
 helpe it, but this extreme submission of *Adraste*  
 did o'recome her. And though *Adraste* grieved  
 to see *Minerva* loved another, yet could not he  
 avoyd it, but this great freedom with which she  
 trusted him in a secret concerned her so neerly  
 must needs oblige him much; so as notwith-  
 standing they seemed to renounce each others  
 love, yet disavowed they not each others friend-  
 ship. *Adraste* therefore in stead of becomming *Mi-  
 nerva*'s servant, became her friend, an exchange  
 more necessary then favourable, but which de-  
 pended meerly on her pleasure. Whilst *Adraste*  
 and *Arnolph* thus pretended to *Minerva*, there  
 was yet a third competitor that bore away the  
 prize they expected and laboured for: but he en-  
 joyed it not o're-long, nor without much cost,  
 for indeed he was *clericus in libro*, as we say, and  
 not in this craft a Master. *Minerva* for want of  
 good prosecution, and not of right, was quite  
 o'rethrowne in her suit. There was one of the  
 common Councell of the City, an ancient man,  
 and of the longest continuance in the Court of  
 Parliament, one powerfull in meanes and autho-  
 rity, and one that was not ignorant of all the  
 quirks and quilllets in the law, and in truth a most  
 proper instrument to re-edifie and gaine againe a  
 lost cause; *Minerva* needed such a man as this,



and her fortune would in stead of seeking him out, she was her selfe sought out by him. *Tatius*, so was this Councillor called, was of an amorous complexion, and covered glowing fires beneath the embers of a grey beard. He had no sooner seen *Minerva*, but he was taken with her, and she well managing the occasion, made him so wed her cause, as in place of counsellor he became Solicitor and party, and in a word gained her the sure which she had absolutely lost, and got her to be sequestred both body and goods from her husband: and all this without *Minerva's* once troubling her selfe, which was the thing indeed she required & best liked of. But this you may think could never be without much charge, the which *Tatius* very freely had disbursed, turning her with 5 or 600 crownes, that *Minerva* secured him out of her estate. For though *Tatius* were a gallant Gentleman, yet knew he well that it sufficed not to carry away this prize from so many others braver then himselfe, and he clearly found that it behoved him render himself the more necessary, by so much as he was the lesse pleasing, and that he should begin to ingage her estate somewhat to him, the better afterwards to interest him in her selfe. This design was profound and subtle, and succeeded well in the acquisition, howsoever it fell out but ill to him in the possession. The first took notice hereof was *Adraste*, who incontinently told as much to *Minerva*, letting her understand besides, she would become as meane a slave, as those are commonly  
fold

fold in *Barbary* at market, if so she ever marryed this old Sire, that could not be so soon marryed, as jealous of her. And if it chance, said he, as I have told you otherwhiles, that for being too covetous of your favours to one, so capable of the knowledge of their worth, the heavens shall after as a just revenger, consent that you be liberrall of them unto some ignorant, that no way shall finde cause to acknowledge them, or shall not be able to return their price; but on the contrary, be satiate with your kindnesse, afflicted with his happinesse, and openly neglect even these your excellent beauties for some slight regard. And who shall then assist you to lament your cause after so fair a warning, as is this of your disgrace! Who will not think fit such a cruell one as bathes her self still in the bloud of such as love her best, and is not pleased but in the murther of their inconstant loves, at last should fall into the hands of such a sot, as should revenge by his contemptuous outrages, the most injurious disdaines wherewith she hath crucified so many faithfull soules? And to remember you that I have said it is a misery fatall unto such as you; and by so much the more assured as it is little feared. *Minerva* did but laugh at these his ominous predictions, and told him; then she could with ease render them all wholly false. *Arnolphe* wer't that he deemed it for the good of *Minerva*, or that he loved her rather for a Mistresse then a wife, freely advised her to marry *Taisne*: But she having drawn, and got from him what she would, now

thought not but of the readiest meanes to discard and cast him off. *Tatius* was a Church-man, and upon that she told him, that her friends took it amisse, that one of his coate should so frequent her company: he sent to *Rome*, and having obtained a dispensation for marriage, he sought her openly. *Minerva* excused her then upon the difference betwixt their conditions, qualities, and manner of life. *Tatius* being a gowne man, used to the City. She being born in the Country, and bred up amongst the Nobility. To every of her objections *Tatius* found an answer. I will sell my goods, the places and offices that stay me in the City, said he, and will alter my manner of living, to the end you change not yours. *Minerva* seeing her self so encompassed on all sides, had recourse to the last remedy of Maids that would put off a suitor, they like not, which is to say, that they will never marry. Added further, that she would become a votary, and that the better to apt and fit her to the formes and customes of a religious and solitary life; she intreated, not onely him, but likewise all such as did her the honour of visitation, to abstain from those favours. Pay back the moneys that are owing me, said *Tatius*, then, since I must lose the fruit of all my services; when you shall owe me nothing, nor we have more to do with other, I am content since you will have it so, then not to see you any more; but till we are even, I pray forbear to take from me the honour of seeing you. Though *Minerva* were descended of a right good family, yet could she

not



not suddenly lay down the 6000 crowns she ought him, without selling away part of her estate, nor could she finde the man would doe it for her: And *Tatius* proceeding in law, had got a decree for the whole summe: she was drawn dry by her suits, and her expences caused thereby at *Paris*. Moreover she being as yet in pupillage, her estate managed by over-seers, brought her not in the moiety of the true value. *Arnolphe* was a stranger, and without estate, as hath been said, and if he had abounded, yet had *Minerva* much rather have given to him, then to have taken from him; and by misfortune he had got a wound on the arme, in the time of *Tatius* his hottest pursuit, by one that he desired not to kill, though he dyed himself within three daies after of that hurt, leaving behinde him a most violent grise and uncomfortable sorrow in the heart of *Minerva*. There was none left her then but *Adraste*, who had from farre foreseen this storme; though when he said so, he was not believed. Should she now have recourse to him, after so often making her selfe merry at his predictions, and demand counsell of him, having before so often slighted his advise? It must needs be, to whom indeed should one resort, but such of whom they have had so oftentimes sufficient proote of their fidelity? she dispatched then a Gentleman to him being at *Paris*, and she in the Country, to lament her misfortune, accuse her incredulity, and demand his advise in a case of such importance. *Adraste* had much rather have given

given her help then counsell, but he could not; his father was yet living, and he managed but what he allowed him, which scarce sufficed for his own entertainment. Queen *Margaret* gave him indeed some times a quarterly pension, but it was casuall, and not certain, had it been sufficient, nor sufficient, had it been certain. He truly loved *Minerva*, and if she had given him time to provide it, he had rather sold what ere he had in the world, then have failed her, but she asked his counsell in a thing that was already past and done: and though he knew not that it was concluded of, for all that he doubted much it was exceeding forward. For *Minerva* pressed by the importunities of *Tatius*, after all the shifts and doubles that the craft and subtilty of women could invent, yet was at last constrained to marry him, but in clandestine manner, and to the end to deceive and cast him off, as she had done the other, getting a promise from him, that the marriage should not be consummate untill sixe moneths after, in which time she thought to take some order in her affaires, and finde means to pay him. But *Adraste* knew not of this, he wrote unto her then in these very words:

## Adraſtes Letter.

**W**Hat I have heretofore oft ſaid,  
 proves now too true. It reſts then  
 in you to make it appear in human  
 things whether there be predeſti-  
 nation, or free will; ſince if you  
 be forced through neceſſity to imbarce this your miſ-  
 fortune, I ſhall henceforth beleve it altogether boot-  
 leſſe to foreſee, or to forewarne the event of things,  
 ſince they are by no means to be avoided. If you be  
 not, I ſhall beleve you Miſtris of your will, and that  
 it is not in the power of any living man to force it. It  
 is hard to conſtraine ſuch as are yet in the obedience  
 which you have diſpenced with, nor can ſuch a thing  
 be done but with much griefe, and more miſfortune.  
 You know it by the experience you have had; and if o-  
 thers ought to weigh it well as once, you are to think  
 upon it twice. But why complain you of unhappineſſe,  
 ſince you will needs be ſo? Is it not well known that it  
 can never be unleſſe you will, there being naught ſo  
 free as marriage is? Think not that theſe complaints  
 againſt all ſerve you for excuſe, they at the firſt indeed  
 were not amiſſe, when you were but an Infant, and in  
 the power of thoſe reſpected more themſelves then you.  
 And how be it that then you were free from fault, yet  
 know you well, what you your ſelfe did undergo therein.  
 The authority of friends no more can heer conſtraine  
 your infancy. If you do well, the glory will be yours, if  
 ill, lament you of it to your ſelf, for no man elſe will  
 grieve for you, but I, that cannot chuſe but grieve that

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you



you the Mistress of perfection, should be destinate to things so disagreeable. If so you be obliged by any man, were fit you gave him satisfaction in't, but not unlesse you will at price of your selfe, thinke but what must follow, what you are to do, and of the pleasure you shall take in't, if so your discord bring you once more, before the Iudges. But I beleve it is to little purpose that I argue, and my reasons will not serve so much to profit you, as to my own discharge; However, had I the honour to see you, I might perchance say that unto you, might bring you about to another minde. And if it be not now too late, and that the pleasures you do expect from this your Lover, not precipitate your better counsels, I yet may have a word or two with you before it be long. But if the ill be helpleffe, and you must drink of this medicine, prepare you it so, that it be profitable to you yet. Tis all the counsell I can give, in that of which I know not how to advise my self, that could have wished this comfort in my losse, that at the least I had seene it profitable unto you. Fairest Minerva adieu, I cannot keep me more from my lamenting, then I can from loving you; wel may you be unto another, but I can never be to any one but you; and as for you I do beleve that being unable to be what you ought to me, you will at least be what you may. If you have wept the death of your Arnolphe, now lament the life of your Adraste, that never can esteeme it so, as the honor to have power to lose it once in serving you, and her to rest yours.

When Minerva had once received this Letter, shee became afflicted with two most sensible and violent griefs, one from the losse of a friend shee loved above her selfe; the other from possessing

an Enemy she hated more then any thing. In the one there was no remedy, nor in the other but a very little hope. And is it not enough, said shee, that I have lost the man more deere to mee then all the world besides, but that I must be forced to marry one, most hatefull unto mee of all the earth. Oh *Adraste*, how justly now mightest thou scoff at my vanity. *Adraste* mocked her not; but seeing *Tatius* Quarter-master in her house, and watch so neere all manner of resort therto, as that there was no approaching her but by his means, he did conceive he had no more to do, and that twas fit he then should lose desire, when hee had left to hope. *Tatius* slept nor the whilest, The six months agreed on passed, the marriage indeed was consummated with all secrecie, but her great belly ere it were long made seen the whole mystery, and constrained them to celebrate publikely the marriage they had so privately made behinde the curtain. So was *Minerva* almost as soon brought a bed as married, & married to a jealous fellow that would not fail to accomplish those unhappy presages of *Adraste*, that armed him with resolution, and constancie, and knowing love best to be cured by some other love, lost the sorrow for his first Mistris in the affections and service of a second and new one, *Minerva* wrote to him yet some little time after her marriage, but such a Letter as the extravagance shewed well the ill seat of her wit and judgment; she wrote him word, *That she was much satisfied from the contentment which she had purposed to have given*

to him, or at least to have let him see the desire she had to content him. All the rest of the Letter was but testimonies of good will, well wishes and offers of remembrance, protestations, and oaths to esteeme him above all the World, and desires of his company, *Adraste* answered. That after much pondering the contentment she said she had determined to give him, and the satisfaction which rested to her in having made known to him such her desire; he by no means found that the one or the other was come to him, without shee thought she had contented him in saying that shee was well pleased at his contentment, that she might well have afforded him other satisfactions which had more obliged him then such, and from him might have rendred her selfe better, then those the people gave her, but shee seem'd to shew her good will when she had no longer power to manifest it, and offered now her well wishes to render the losse of her affection the more insupportable, that all these protestations, and these oaths made of her good esteem of him, gratified him not, that it was onely a dainty she whipped by his mouth, mocking him that had so often intreated her to honour him lesse, and love him more. That since there was no meanes for him to succeed and inherit the affections of the dead, whose his had preceded, he prayed heaven that he might be deceived in his predictions rather then she in her election, and that she might enjoy as much contentment in what she did possesse, as he had sorrow for what he d'd loose. As for his company, that he wished it no lesse usefull unto her, then hers to him was deere; that he already had rendred her the addues she sent him, with more weight



weight and measure then she did receive them, and if peradventure she doubted it, the greatest pleasure she could doe him, was to examine it. *Minerva* seeing *Adrasfe* thus in merriment, beleevved he was no longer in love; and as we know not the price of things till after their losse, shee found the discretion and fidelity of this Lover, too late, and when she had not meanes left her to gratifie them. Moreover as things never appeare so much as when they are opposed unto their contraries, the harsh nature of *Tatius* caused her now to taste the sweetnesse of that gentle one of *Adrasfe*. And she by meanes of the tyranny was practised upon her, bethought her of the Empire erewhiles she had exercised on him. The servile condition to which she was now reduced, made her not onely lament the liberty she had taken to her selfe, but the soveraignty also which she had held on others. And conferring her present misery with her passed felicity, she esteemed her by so much the more wretched, as she remembered her to have been most happy. *Tatius* used her honourably, yet in all appearance, much rejoycing him in the good huswifery, and vertuous qualities of his wife, but in effect, she was confined to a private corner, where she had sufficient leisure to lament her follies. Her house heretofore open to all commers, where she had wont be often visited by her friends, indeed was not forbid them, but she shut from them, without leave so much as once to see her kinsfolks. And in the meane time *Tatius* entertained his guests, in which he

was little skilled, for nere did Clowne act well a Gentleman; and he being born in the City, and brought up a Lawyer, knew better how to entertain a Iudge, with his Writs and Motions, then good company, with the civilities and complements are practised amongst Ladies and Cavaliers that live in the Country. Besides, the condition of *Tatius* was meane, but for the eminence of his places, which having sold, he had nothing left him praise-worthy, without it were a few goods that could not long continue. His friends they thought much on't that he had put off all his Offices of credit and of profit, both which had made him appeare eminent and in authority in the prime Court of Parliament in *France*, to live a private life in the Country, without any eminence at all, and that he had prejudiced his fortunes for a wife, that kept hers intire to her selfe: and the friends of *Minerva* seeing *Tatius* lack out of office, as we say, and without employment, were very sorry that she had taken a man that had put off the authority, which indeed onely made him worthy of her. So things standing betweene the friends on both sides, it was yet much worse between themselves, *Minerva* by so much the more sensible of the ill usage of *Tatius*, as she little dared to complaine, and *Tatius* by so much the more continuing to use her still worse and worse, as she continued to suffer it. *Minerva* lived three yeeres in this bondage, which were to her no lesse then three ages, perpetually thinking of some meanes to redeeme her. At last having resolved

resolved upon it, think you not Sir said she, that the assembly of so many wrongs and injuries as you doe daily heape on me, will not one day breake upon and strike you too: for me, I should rather chuse to dye, then once to give you cause to use me thus; But I confesse unto you truely, that indeed I had much rather dye, then longer to indure them. *Tatius* not being used to be braved by a woman, much lesse by his wife, answered sternely to her, that there was no meane between them, but that she must resolve to endure the one or of the other. *Minerva* replied not to him, but bethought her presently what she would doe upon this. The mishap or imprudence rather of *Tatius* would that he must to *Paris*, which ministred to *Minerva* an opportunity to order her affaires, and to dispoise them in such manner, that upon the returne of *Tatius*, she caused him to be told, that she had reserved two chambers to her selfe, which she intreated him to afford her, and content him with the rest of the house, which she left wholly to him. *Tatius* that lookt not for this, would needs to her to answer her in proper person: but she would not suffer him speake to her, or by any meanes once see her: and in stead of now playing the Master at home, he found that she was at home in truth, and that he was become the weaker; So as neither prayers nor threats being able to shake the resolutions taken by a determinate woman, he was constrained to returne backe  
to



to *Paris*, whether she followed him soone after,  
with purpose to sequester her estate from his;  
very sorry that two children that she had had  
by him were the cause she could not be  
separated from him in body as  
well as in goods.

*The*



## The Argument.

*Minerva commeth back to Paris. The second loves of Adraſte with her, are ruined by the practices and confederacie of Braſidas, and of Gracchus her Kinsmen and Lovers.*

## CHAP. III.

**M**inerva being disburthened of a charge, ſhee thought her ſelf very unfit to beare, turned her whole Meditations to the meanes by which ſhee need never return under his charge; and to this effect having eſtabliſhed ſome order in the managing the affairs of her houſe according to the neceſſity of her new Common-weal, ſhee took her way preſently to *Paris*, whither ſhee was called not onely for the execution of her deſigne; but likewiſe for the accompliſhing of her deſires: For her uſuall reſiding in this incomparable City, where ſhee had taſted ſo many delights, was become more deer, and farre more pleaſing to her, then that of the Country, where ſhee had reaped no other then a bitter harveſt. *Tatius* not leſſe feeble in adverſi-

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tic,

tie, then insolent in his better fortunes, understood not so soon that shee was there arrived, but hee sent unto her to intreat so much favour as to be admitted to see her. It was too soon to descend so low, as to beg leave of his wife to see her; in stead of the possession which hee wont, and ought yet to have had of her; and a wife which but three dayes before he not suffered to see any man. Hee should have done like *Alcibiades* that bore away his wife by force, through the publike hall, and from amidst the assembly of all the people, where she had summoned him to appear. But he passed from one extreme to another, and fell from a most insupportable tyranny, into a dejected and most insufferable servitude. *Minerva* admitted him to come, see her, and this weak man thinking to mollifie by prayers, her whom he had not had power to overcome by threats, and recover by humility, what he had lost by arrogance, not onely made her all the offers due from a husband to a wife; but rather all the submissions that a slave oweth his Master. *Minerva* for her part did render him all the honour of the world, but without the least being moved by his prayers, or any way slackening her pursuit; most humbly intreating him to pardon her, if shee sought the assurance of her life in that of her estate, of which shee had not so much as thought, had not hee himself enforced her to it. So were their estates parted, and by consequence their bodies; for *Minerva* said she had children enough for the fortunes she possessed, & not being able to main-



maintain any more, she would by no means make any more. Poor *Taine*, didst thou for this remove the earth, Eye heaven it self almost, to sequester this woman from her first husband, to the end to see her now again sequestered even from thee? Must thou make merchandise of thy whole fortunes and thy honours both, of whatsoever thou didst possesse in all the World, to have a wife, which thou indeed hast not? *Minerva* having rid her of this thorn out of her foot, learned the news of *Adraste*, and having bin informed of his lodging gave him presently to understand where hers was, and *Adraste* went thither to see her soon after; at their first greeting, they staid some while to view one another, both equally astonished; *Minerva* with a little shame, and *Adraste* with some wonder. Well, Madam, said *Adraste*, (having saluted) you have found at last that I am no lesse veritable then unhappy, since my predictions have not onely proved true: but unavoydable likewise. Would I had never I poked them, since they have proved so inprofitable, and were received as ill presages, which for the most part but foregoe mishaps. Indeed *Adraste*, said *Minerva*, I avow it, that you have shewn more judgement by foretelling my misfortunes, then I have in my addresses to avoid them; but you are not ignorant it is more easie to foresee, then to prevent such things by much. The cause why we sometimes wisely undertake the things, that doe not alwaies well succeed; being cleere that it rests but in our powers to undertake, as wholly it be-

longs to God to give the event. You onely said *Adrasfe*, have the art to make those things shew well that in themselves are nothing so; which here I come not to subvert, much lesse yet to complaine of you whose fortunes I lament more then my owne. So have you indeed more cause to plaine my miseries, then to complaine of my actions, answered *Minerva*, no one of them ere tending to your displeasure. But tell me now how rest I in your memory, and how may I hope to be therein reserved henceforward. Assure you Madame answered *Adrasfe*, you abide there better then ever, where I preserve you with much more ease, and farre lesse trouble then I was wont to doe: And as for what depends on time to come, you know we positively can say nought. And I have been so much deceived in the event of things are past, that I dare promise nought in future, else had I sworne to you ere this, that all the waters fleeting in oblivions streame, are not of force to wash you cleere from thence, but by the incertainty of things have happened late to me, I judge that it may be that I may beare you long in minde, and with more ardure and more passion too, then ever yet: and likewise it may chance, the helps of reason, time, and absence, may doe me the grace to have power to loose your memory. The greatest displeasure that a man can doe a woman whom he hath euer loved or honoured, is to let her see that he loves her no more: for it seems an outrage done to their beauties. *Minerva* for all she was much moved, yet smiled

smiled at this answer, for amongst other parts of dissimulation, or of prudence, she had that, never to manifest the least feeling of a grudge, but on the instant of her revenge. She said then to him, that she was very glad to see him cured of an affection which her honour forbade her to remedy, provided that the cure were perfect, and not rather a stupifying of the apprehension of it; for then said she, such as complaine the least, are they are most to be feared, for that their ill is by so much the greater, as their sence of it is the lesse: Moreover as the cure ought be entire, so should it be moderate, for that she had heard, that too perfect a health was oft the presage of a dangerous disease, and she feared a servitude by so much the greater as his liberty now seemed the more boundlesse, which she conceived altogether incompatible with his humour, that she thought unable, not onely to undergoe the disease, but more to suffer the remedy. Excuse me if you please, answered *Adrasfe*, I shall bear them both, so they come together, but I love not the one without the other, for that the remedy without the evill is to no purpose, and the evill without the remedy is insupportable. Well then, said *Minerva*, you assure me to be without the disease, and I promise you not to minister the remedy. We are then agreed, Madame, answered *Adrasfe*, I demand nothing of you, and you grant me my request: which saying, they fell both in laughter, and to discourse of such accidents as were befallen them since their last intervenue.



*Minerva* related to him the indignities *Tatius* had done her, which caused her seek the assurance of her life, and that of her estate, with as much sorrow yet as any vertuous wife could have in the displeasure of her husband. I marvell not much said *Adrastus*, at what is happened unto you after having been so often forewarned, before it befell you. I should have wondred if it had beene otherwise. Since you merit it by your incredulity, though not in your actions. I cannot render you so far a good will, but I wish you much better than him, though I grieve more for him, then I doe for you; since you have lost a man whose acquisition was your mishap, and he hath lost a wife whose possession was his whole fortune. Comfort you so your friends said *Minerva*: yet more harshly, said *Adrastus*, when they dare to complaine to me of ills they suffer for their pleasure, and for not beleeving me. I am further then from daring to complaine to you of the death of *Arnolph* said she. For that answered *Adrastus*, I shall compatiat with you in your mishap; *Arnolph* being dead by an accident wherein you had no hand. There is much difference in the misfortunes we suffer innocently, and those we undergoe by our own default. But if you be not receivable in demanding of my counsell or resolution, on the divorce of a husband, how think you to be in demanding it on the losse of a Rivall; had I not as much cause to rejoyce me for my own interest, as to afflict me for yours? And you Madame, that have said you will give me no help,

help, how dare you demand of me my advice? I could doe no lesse, answered *Minerva*, then to promise my refusall of help, when you assure me not to have any need. Well Madame, replied *Adraste*, but when I doe assure you of need, will you assure me of help? When, how when, said *Minerva*? It is impossible to come ny fire without being heat, *Adraste* conversing daily with *Minerva*, whatsoever liberty hee had recovered by his absence, & her marriage, became reingaged in the inevitable charmes of her allurements, and stricken with the same amorous infection, wherewith the woundeth all the world: After long arguing in favour of his reason, he concluded yet according to the swinge of his passion, and judged it better for him to submit with all the world beneath the Empire of this so excellent a beauty, then he to resist it onely. If he were troubled to resolve this, be sure he was more to confesse it. He was much ashamed that he had plaid the fool, and rendred himselfe so flexible. It seemed strange unto him, to have slighted one he had adored, and again to adore the woman he had slighted so: he cald to minde the first shipwracke he had undergone with her, and by that he apprehended the second; remembered him how easily he had been ingaged in his affections, and with what pain he was retired. It seemed to him he did but breake in two these chaines were almost now worn out, to carry new more strong, and that he freed himself but from an easie hold, to re-enter in a prison farre more mercilesse.

That

That he should quit a Master that he had more cause to praise, then to complaine of, who amongst the ills he had wisht him, had not yet forborn to wish him well, and suffer underneath a mercifull resentment of his passions. But love, what can it not in a gentle heart? At last, hee confest to her that more then her rigour, and his absence, the many perfections which hee saw in her, opposed to the many defaults he felt in himself, had inforced him to practise a remedy more ill then his disease, which having cost him much to finde would cost him more to lose. That her great beauties which wholly occupied his soule, being yet ravished from him, as all hope of their possession was most injuriously torn from him, twas no way to be deemed strange, if so despair had put to death desire, that could not live without it were in hope, That to save him from the tyranny of one Master onely, he had bin constrained to make him many; and not unprofitably to love one thanklesse object ever hee had dispersed the stream of his passions, and divided his affections into as many places, as he found several sorts of objects. That erring like the Pilot that had lost his starre, and rendring him like to the trees on the high-ways, that do bear fruit, but for the passers by, he was become infetterd in a chain so sweet in appearance and fair in effect, that he had willingly himself thrust in his armes, and did esteem him now more happy in the losse of his liberty, then he could be in conquering the whole earth. But that



that as all things have a certain revolution within the course of which, they by a time return to their first heads, his destiny constrained him now return into that honorable servitude, in which shee captivated the most beautilous souls. *Minerva* not lesse wondring at the love of *Adraste*, then satisfied with her own beauties, of which she had heere an illustrious proof in this second conquest of this lover, answered him in these terms. If any other then your self should talk to me thus, *Adraste*, either I should not believe him at all, or at least should faine not to believe him. But the knowledge I have of your goodnesse, makes me that as I esteeme you veritable, so will I answer you from my own heart, believing you speak to me from the bottom of yours. And to observe the same method you hold with me in confessing your thoughts, I shall discover mine to you, and acknowledge that if I were in such condition as I could give me to any one, it should be you. But I will not forbear to tell you many things that hinder me therein, though you do know them neer as well as I; to the end that if you do not receive the satisfaction you have promised you, you may lay the fault on your own errours, and not upon my will, that never shall be wanting in good wishes to you, nor to perform like deeds on your behalf. *Minerva* discourfing afterwards the causes hindred her from loving of *Adraste*, missed not to put that of god, in the first place, whom wee ought to love and feare above all things; and you said shee that love and feare him above other

men, would cause me render him my enemy for your love. This divine reason is of such force, as there is no humane passion can or convince it, or withstand the being overcome by it. But if you dis-esteem of god, which were so enormous an offence, where of the monstrous impiety could never be sufficiently chastised, or what could perswade you to make mee believe that I could ever live, after being robbed of my honour in this World? And you that hazard oft so generously your life to save your honour, how dare you heere propose to mee the losse of mine? Is not the honour of us Ladies pray, all out as choice and delicate as that of men? And if you love me as you say, and as I do believe, why do you desire to lose mee so? can you love my person, and neglect my honour? Madam, answered *Adraste*, my discretion may be shield unto your honour, and this same innocent feare you have of doing ill by favouring me, is void of likelihood. God is not the enemy but the author of nature, and the offence without scandall is no offence. Believe you that the naturall affection, the author of nature imprinteth in our souls, is averse to the will of him that gives it us? and that the first thing he ever commanded, he should now forbid us? God wisheth us no ill, but for the ils we do to our selves, nor takes amisse the offences done to him, but those we do to our selves, for being maker of the universe, his care is most to preserve his workmanship, & his offence, at that, would hinder it, and not at that, which meerly tendeth to the conservation of it. Then, is he, the enemy of vio-

lence, injustice, cruelty, and the ingratitude that tend to the subversion of love, and not of love it self, and he is angred that we turn his sweets to bitternesse, and doe convert to our dammage that which he hath given us for our benefits: For as love is the cause of our greatest goods, so may it become of our greatest ils; but then it must be by our own improvidence, and not by his. See then, who offends most the divinity, Madame, or I that follow the lawes of love, according to the end for which they first were made, or you that do endeavour what you may to change and to pervert his institutions; and chuse rather to apply you to the counsell of a thanklesse and unnaturall rigour, then the true apprehension of a naturall inclination, that is not only permitted, but commanded. It is true, that God hath commanded love said *Minerva*, but that which is legitimate; all other affections being forbid. not only by divine but humane lawes. In which I'll speake no more to him that teacheth others. A good cause defends it selfe; and one word is sufficient in a truth, whereas a lye needs the support of a large discourse. Both of them spake against their conscience, and contrary to their own beliefs; for this discourse of *Adraste* was quite averse to what he thought, and *Minerva's* answer was no lesse farre from her meaning. *Adraste* desiring to perswade a woman that would be perswaded, and whom he perceived to seeke some honest meanes that she might love him without blosking, endeavoured by this talk to take from her



such shame as naturally retaines all women. In which nerethelesse he knew well that he did ill, but one so common amongst men whose reasons are overcome by appetite, as it seems custome not onely renders them permitted, but authorised. *Minerva* speaking truly according to her believe, stretched yet her thoughts unto such things as she might do, accompanying the coldnesse of her words, with the quickning flames of her faire looks, drew by the gentlenesse of her sweet charms, him that she yet repulsed by the force of her strong reasons, to let him see the beaurty of her minde, in the refusing him that of her body, so as in yeelding both one and the other to him, he should owe the favour rather to her love then to her ignorance. And permitting him some small privacies which did not much forbid the greater, as they seemed to promise unto him, caused him hope that she would doe like the good wives, that often refusing what men aske of them, yet forbear not to doe some part of their demands, but saying still they will doe nought. Whilest *Adraste* so eagerly solicited *Minerva*, *Brasidas* and *Gracchus* both, came athwart his designes. *Brasidas* was a little of kinne to *Minerva*, but not so much, but he could have wished to have been more neer. A man discret, wise, subtile, and a boon companion, chiefly amongst women. *Gracchus* was a little more earthy, and retained more of the Souldier, then of the Courtier, but nerethelesse both of them brave Gentlemen, and both Lovers  
of

of *Minerva*, who seeing *Adrasfe* first in time, and consequently in right, however such a consequence is not alwaies necessary in affairs of love, where the last commers are many times first received, agreed both together to ruine him. The occasion was offered them by the means of *Asteria*, one that *Adrasfe* saw some times, and *Gracchus* likewise, however for divertisement onely, and each single without the other; notwithstanding which they often met there, *Gracchus* being then one day with *Asteria*, she would needs know the newes of *Minerva*, and he knowing that she knew not her, but through the report of *Adrasfe*, asked her again what he said of her? *Asteria* either to give him cause of jealousy, or to make her selfe merry, said that *Adrasfe* did speake all the good i'th world of her, but in his particular he thought no longer of her. And that others might now with his free good will visite her if they would, for he had taken his leave. *Gracchus* whether he beleevved her, or that he was well pleased to have such an advantage on *Adrasfe*, was so sottish, or malicious, as to report again to *Minerva*, for a truth, what the other had spoken in jest. And the ill fortune was, that *Adrasfe* not seeing her of 3 or 4 dayes, she was so weake to beleve it. The next day after *Minerva* having agreed to goe take the ayre with *Brasidas* and *Gracchus*, in the *Tuilleries*, and having given them notice of the time she would passe over the new Bridge, she by chance met with *Adrasfe* alone neere his lodging, that it may well be, thought then



then of her, but not of the mischief; she wished him, nor of the charitable office was provided for him, from so far as she could see him, she called to him, & having caused him come into her coach, told him as they went, the cause she had, or she believed she had, to be offended at his words. *Adraste* judged presently from whence it came, but he would say nothing behind the backe of those hee seemed the Authors of this imposture, which were as he beleaved, *Brasidas* and *Gracchus*, and by so much the lesse he spake, by so much the more he seemed guilty; and to confesse it, so as *Minerva* extreamely offended at his words, took yet more offence at his silence by which he esteemed to confirm them. *Brasidas* and *Gracchus* failed not of the time, at the place appointed by *Minerva*, but were presently leene on horseback at the lower end of the street *Dauphine*, neer the new Bridge. *Minerva* offered them recome in her Coach, and they went both into one of the boots, *Adraste* being with her in the other. They were scarce set, before *Gracchus* turning him towards *Adraste*; so Sir said he, you have taken your leave, and parted with this Lady, for all which me thinks you are here still: I stay Sir answered *Adraste*, to tell you, that is a tale, and nothing so. In saying which they being set back to back, one against the other, laid hand on their swords, *Adraste* on that of *Gracchus*, and *Gracchus* on *Adrastes*, which they drew neer halfe out. *Minerva* (and her mother that sat at the end of the Coach) both shrieked out extreamely afrighted.

*Bras-*



*Brasidas* put himselfe between them, the Coachman stayed, and both of them late down againe without a blow striking, out of their respect to *Minerva*, who was yet irreconcilably offended at the small regard they had had of her. She complained of wrong to the one and the other, and they both excused themselves to her, deferring their difference untill a fitter opportunity. But *Brasidas* could not forbear to tell *Adraste* that he had done ill; *Adraste* hearing such words from him he esteemed, and who was indeed partly author of the quarrell, told him very hotly that he was none of his Iudge, and that he should doe well to stay the meddling in his causes, till they were brought before him. *Brasidas* being before interested in the businesse for love of *Gracchus*, was now become engaged on his own behalfe. Note either of them had a sturdy Laquay, and each of them a sword, and that *Adraste* had but a little boy who bore none with him neither; so as if they would have took their advantage, the match had been ill made. The Coach drove along strait to the *Tuileries*, while *Minerva* forethinking they would strive who should leade her at the going out of the Coach, and fearing some worse matter might yet arise in the businesse, very privately charged and conjured *Adraste* to take her mother, telling him that she had had promised this day to walke with them, and that shee met him but by chance. *Adraste* asked her, why if she had made them such a promise, she called him along, and said that since he

was

was first in time, if any one led her, it must be he. She then intreated him he would let her goe alone, and promised that none of the other should leade her. *Adrasfe* deeming it unfit to enforce her to suffer her selfe to be led against her will, agreed to that. And as she came out of the Coach, every of them tendring his hand, she beseecht them leave her at liberty, saying she was old enough to walke without help of a leader. Notwithstanding, *Adrasfe* kept close on one side of her, and *Brasidas* and *Gracchus* on the other, without any one once offering to conduct *Arlande*, though she had more need of their help then *Minerva*, not out of incivility, or want of courtesie, but through excesse of pride, and courage, fearing in leading the mother, they might seem to decline the daughter. They walked in this posture so farre as the *grande alley* of the *Tuileries*, and from thence as farre as the *Echo*. *Adrasfe* and *Gracchus* interchanging some braving looks, arose, observed one another, not speaking one word till they came to the end of the *alley*, when, the King entred at the other end; and *Minerva* that had shooke all this while, took *Adrasfe* aside whom she had not spoken to since their comming into the Parke, more then to the rest. And just the same feare a poor woman might have, (said she) to see two men of her company fight, have I to this minute had, not, but I thought ve had both sufficient discretion to forbear doing me such discourtesie, but that I mistrusted my self of sufficient merit to retain the violence of  
your

your first motions, till now the Kings coming  
 frees me from the feare, and you from the means  
 to change blowes; I conjure thee *Adrastus*, by that  
 great power which thou hast made me beleve I  
 have in thee, not to trouble the delights we ex-  
 pect in this daies walke with thy company. You  
 have been sufficiently troublesome already,  
 though I think innocently, so as I could wish that  
 true was told me of you, and that I had got had  
 the honour to meet you at all this day; not but  
 your company is deere to me, that being the  
 cause I intreat you now indeed to reserve it for  
 some other time; for now I cannot entertain you  
 for feare of offending them, nor them for the  
 same feare of offence to you. And this little time  
 I spend with you, makes me doubt I have dis-  
 tasteth them, since I know well you would be an-  
 gry to seeme to talke so long to them. *Adrastus* was  
 no way agrieved at this discourse, for having  
 cleered himselfe to *Minerva*, and driven his ene-  
 mies to winde ward, hee was soon weary of the  
 company, had lost what ever could be called  
 pleasure in it, in the bitterness of this dispute; he  
 desired much to converse with *Minerva*, but he  
 as much shunned all common entertainments, as  
 he sought particular. The coming of the King  
 took from him all cause of feare that he could be  
 suspected to shun their worst of daring, being  
 sure they would do nothing in his presence to a-  
 ny man, much less to one they had not underta-  
 ken when he was alone: he gave *Minerva* then  
 this answer, since I came not here without being



called, 'it shall befit me I conceive not to retire without your leave. Which since you haue so freely given me, I may well take, and in obedience at your commands, goe hence, as by your summons I came hither. And more then the contentment of obeying you, I too shall beare along with me the satisfaction to haue cleered your doubts: and to haue let you see, in my as freely parting, as addresse, that you haue not lesse power to abandon me, then to bring me to you. Yet I must here intreat you to acknowledge privately, the wrongs you haue done me now in company, and in the evening, yet to honour me with that free entertainment of which I now deprive me willingly to obey. This day said *Minerva*, I cannot, but to morrow will dispose of of my affairs, as I will afford you two houres of the morning. *Adrastus* kissing her hands, made a low reverence to her mother, and went his way, hasting after the King, without salute, or once looking on *Brasidas* or *Gracchus*. Having o'retaken the Court, he intreated the first friend he met, to take return with him, and leading him towards that side of the Parke where he had left *Minerva*, he told him; how he had been constrained to give some offence to a couple of Gentlemen that had no just apprehension of it, or perhaps dissembled their grudge, in respect to the company, or it might be for that they scorned to be two to one. That he had intreated him to walke this way with him, to the end that the others seeing them together, might haue occasion and meanes

meanes to make a partie of two to two. And is it for this you tooke mee from my attendance on the King, answered *Oriste*? so was hee called, yes, said *Adrasse*. There are such fools indeed in the world, replied *Oriste*, amongst whom I did little think you had had a place. And what in the Devils name have you to doe with them, did you not tell me even now that you had given them offence? It is true said *Adrasse*, and I love not to give offence, but presently I will give satisfaction. That is not amisse, indeed, if you will aske them pardon, answered *Oriste*, or make them some other submission to repair the wrong you have done them. But you have not offended them as yet but in words, and you would wrong them now in deeds? you have but hurt them, and you would kill them right out? and call it satisfaction, and reparation of honour? It belongs to them to repair the injury you have done them, by doing you a greater wrong, words, by the lie, the lie by a box on the eare, and a box of the eare by bloud or death. But you have wronged them, and would give satisfaction by increasing the offence, and repair your fault by rendring it altogether irreparable. As for me, it is a philosophy of the times I understand not. Stay till they come to us, and we will talk with them, but to goe seek them, is to run to meet a mans mishap, and for pleasure to throw ones selfe head-long downe a precipice. True said *Adrasse*, but you know a common error makes a law, and wee are now a days governed more by the examples of fools,

then by the reasons of the wife? In saying which they passed and repassed acrossse the wood, into the same walk, where *Minerva* was, between the hands of *Brasidas* and *Gracchus*, *Adraste* saluting *Arlande*, and *Minerva*, not so much as looking on the others, and they resaluting also without the others observing it. The next morn *Adraste* expected a challenge very early, and having stayed till eight of the clock in his lodging, hee came by that time shee rose to *Minerva's*, where hee was scarce entred, but one told *Minerva*, that *Brasidas* and *Gracchus* were at the door. Tell them I am not well, said *Minerva*, and that I desire them to hold me excused, that I cannot accept the honor they do me. Let it not be so, answered *Adraste*, for my boy attends me below, by whom they may know I am heer. What shall wee do then, said *Minerva*? I would you were all at severall ends of the World, farre enough from hence, & where my head might scape breaking in your quarrels. Madame, answered *Adraste*, yee ought yet distinguish between the innocent, and the faulty; It was not I caused the jarre, you know best what is now to be done, you prayed mee yesterday to retire for the love of them, you may to day pray them to retire for the love of me. And if you should wish them never come again, after the knowledge you now have of their malice, it were but justly done. Sir, said *Arlande*, *Brasidas* is my kinsman, I, nor my daughter can well forbid him the house, nor those he bringeth a long with him. But go tell them said she to one  
of



of her servants, that my daughter is at masse, and that I am busie heere with *Adraste*. *Arlande* said this, well knowing they looked not for her, and that the ready way to return them, was to say her daughter was not within. There was three or four Churches therabouts, to all which they went, and *Minerva* thinking with her self they would not fail to go thither, and not finding her, they would come back to her house, was much disquieted; for that shee would not refuse them entry, or deny her selfe to them twice together in one day, and to turn off *Adraste*, it was out of all likelihood. When she was once ready, he would have waited her to the Church, but she excused her self, and stole privatly from him to go thither alone, leaving him with *Arlande*, who told *Adraste* what a shame it would be to her daughter, if her colen should finde him with her in the street, in stead of being at Church, and the misfortune might follow, if *Graccus* choller or his honour, should so o're-rule him, as now in her company to take satisfaction of the injury done him, which the day before he had for the love of her dissembled. *Adraste* did not trouble himself to answer her, but taking his leave, followed *Minerva* from Church to Church, and while he sought her in one, *Brasidas* and *Gracchus* found her in the other; and she found no lesse pain to dismiss them, then she had had to rid her of *Adraste*, for they importuned her no lesse to wait her backe from Church, then he had to bring her thither.

H. 3

But

But at last she escaped them, and returned as she went, after having drawn a promise from *Gracchus*, that he should not call *Adraſte* to account for any thing that had paſt the day before. In the meane time *Adraſte* returned very diſcontented at *Minerva*, it ſeemed to him that ſhe having promiſed him an entertainment to day, ſhould not have left him as ſhe had, to finde out his enemies; and that ſhe was not ſtoln away ſo much for any devotion ſhe had to Church, as for the deſire ſhe had to ſee them there. But next day he was much more troubled, thinking to goe make his complaint, when they told him ſhe was gone out to walk with them. Then preſently conceived he the plot was not combined againſt him, but with her counſell and aſſent, and that ſhe had not onely approved, but deſigned it. And ſo returning backe, his breſt fraught with more deſpight then love, and not ſo much reaſon as rage, after having reſolved now to breake with her once for all, he wrote to her,

**T**hat as hee had pitied her weakneſſe, ſeeing ſhee ſuffered her ſelfe to be rather perſwaded by paſſion, on the part of his Enemies then by the truth of his words; ſo hee receiv'd no ſmall contentment, to ſee that for his having cheered himſelf before them, and for ever being too diſcreet and reſpectfull on her behalf, and at her inſtance on theirs, he was now deprived of what they poſſeſſed for having been the contrary. That the time had been when this privation now ſo eaſie to undergo, had been moſt difficult

ficult for him to believe; but considering that of all things that most provoked him, and the chiefest cause of his vexation and worst tormenting passions, it was easie for him to endure the losse of a good, the possession wherof was so extremely damageable. Wherfore he would now as with a sponge wipe off the fair impressions which he had formerly admitted in his memory, and hee intreated her to favour him so farre, as not to oblige him ever by the replacing them. Hee avow'd it the mediate will of Heaven, without which hee had beene as unable to execute, as rash in undertaking this designe. For which hee only was to thank her ingratitude, that thinking to work him so much ill, had been the cause of so great good to him. And that he did beseech her by this last, and by all other, and so many vowes. no lesse religious, then unprofitable, which hee most foolishly had rendred her, that henceforth shee would never more call them to minde; assuring her he should esteem him fully satisfied for all his services, when he should finde they were forgot, and that she held them so indifferent, that hee had never cause to joy in, or complain of them.

The





### The Argument.

*Adraste closeth againe with Minerva, comforteth her on the death of Arnolphe. Commotions in France, and divers adventures upon that subject.*

### CHAP. III.

**W**Hat delight soever the company afforded, could not be so pleasant to *Minerva*, as this Letter was bitter to her. But howsoever she took it extreemly ill from *Adraste*, she would not yet loose him so. Not though she knew not to what purpose to reserve him, for she had sufficiently manifested the little good will she bore him. But there are some women that delight themselves to render all men amorous of them, and they affecting none. Or it may be she held this maxime of the wise, that say a man should not breake with friends, no not for any cause whatsoever, for that such as are unfit for one thing, may yet serve to another, and it may be she intended to accommodate her selfe by *Adraste* to some other purpose. Whatsoever it were, she forbore to answer his Letter till her choler was past over, nor wrote she to him then; but  
passing

passing some daies after by his lodging, she caused him to be told, that there was a Gentlewoman in the street asked for him. *Adraste* came down, and *Minerva* made him come into her Coach, where she was then accompanied onely with one gentlewoman, and going to take the aire. She told him that she had not answered his Letters, for that shee could not bethink her of termes sufficiently powerfull to make him senceable of her anger. So then Madame, answered *Adraste*, if you have not given me offence, I stand not obliged to you for it, but your ill memory, that had not means to find words sufficiently capable, to expresse the offence you intended mee; Tis true said shee, but you are a naughty man to write such Letters to mee. And you are then a naughty woman, answered *Adraste*, to inforce mee to it by so many just and rightfull causes as you have. If I have given you such, replied she, and have so little reason in my actions, why have you so little judgment in your love; you have lesse reason then mee to love one that hath none at all, and by the extravagance of your unfound minde, accuse me of your own defaults. Madam, answered *Adraste*, I have caused you to see most cleerly that you are in the wrong, since you cannot finde meanes to answer my Letters; But how should you finde reasons, that could not indeed finde the offence. Whereby it follows that being you have done the wrong, you cannot have reason on your side, since wrong and reason cannot be united in one subject. And yet cry you  
I that

that I am reasonlesse, to love one that hath none. I answer you that though I am reasonlesse, it followes not but you are so likewise, as I have proved, without denying but I was my self so; And on the contrary, I have always endeavoured to let you see that I had litle reason in me, ever to shew that I had so much love for you. Since if I had, I could not have loved you, or at least but in such sort as I had been loved again of you. And if you were reasonable, you would love mee as I love you. See then wherfore I love you in two sorts, (without reason) first, for that you are reasonlesse, secondly, because I am so also. As to the extravagances of my diseased minde, I apprehend them to my own advantage. Remember you what I have ever said, that my weakneses, and failings were the things that I desired to cause you see. Tis well I am there arrived. *Minerva* fell a laughing at these words, and as particular complaints do usually succeed the generall; *Adraste* complain'd of her, for that when hee had left his entertainment to his enemies, upon her promise to afford him one more private, and favourable, she had not onely turned him off to her mother *Arlande*, but her self had stoln away from him to go to them, had depriv'd him of the honour of her company, and conduct, to afford it unto them, and had wronged a man whose goodness was so known to her, thereby to favour others whose malice was to her no lesse manifest. *Minerva* excused her on the just fear shee might have of the bloody effects their quarrell might have



have produced; said that the same fear had caused her not to suffer him to lead her; and that she had also denied it unto them: And on the contrary having found *Brasidas* & *Gracchus* at Church, shee had prayed them, not onely to forbear to lead her, but to see her. Notwithstanding that *Brasidas* being since come to see *Arlande* as his Kinswoman, and *Gracchus* accompanying him as his friend, she could not hinder the Visitations, nor the Walks *Arlande* admitted of, it being very uncomly for the daughter, to play the Mistress before her mother; not thinking also that it would have becomm'd a woman of her quality, to testifie the least animosity against them, at all to shew she affected him. In the end she knew so well to plead her cause, as she gained her suite; *Adrasste* asked pardon, and the wronged party made the amends. This day consumed in complaints, and such like satisfactions, took yet away all hate that the last falling out seemed to have ingendred in their hearts, how ever it placed not there the wōted love (not in that of *Minerva's* for that she yet mourned for the dead, on whose behalf she seemed even to despise her life. Nor in that of *Adrasste*, for that seeking in these disgraces to save him from the ambushes of *Minerva*, hee was already faln in those of *Cariclea*, which hee would have dissembled, but *Minerva* intreating him to helpe her loose the remembrance of a man whom shee had loved, hee againe begged of her advise how to acquire the affection of a woman that he adored. You have already so

acquired her, answered *Minerva*, thinking he had spoke of her self, as you need not care further but of means to preserve her. Would to God that he you love were alive said *Adraste*, and that I were in possession of her I desire, I believe I should have lesse trouble to preserve then I shall have to acquire her. How can that be, said *Minerva*, that you should be in possession of her you desire, during the life of him I lament, if you desire not some other then me? And how think you also that it can be believed, answered *Adraste*, that I have acquired the affections of one, that lives not but in the death of an other? I have the wrong indeed on my side said *Minerva*, and you the reason on yours. *Adraste*, to engage your thoughts upon such an object, as hath not ingaged theirs; But since I discover thus my malady to you, if so you cannot give me help, as there is none in death, I pray at least refuse me not your comfort, and be it so that in losing you for a Lover, I may enjoy you as a friend. Madam, answered *Adraste*, it hath bin the greatest unhappinesse that hath done me outrage, to see how unapt you have bin to think the one or the other of me: But I shall never cease to be both, to you, so long as God shall give me life, and you no cause to die by the ill use you daily do me. The night book of their discourse, which else they had not known how to leave. *Minerva* having prepared to retire to her house in the Country, and apprehending in the solitude that place offered, the sorrows that *Arnolphe*s death did now make her so lively feel in the

the divertisements of this so excellent City, again conjured *Adrafte*, that did sometimes apply him to such things, to write somewhat in way of consolation, and in verse, on the death of *Arnolphe*, an importune request to pray a Lover, to busie himself in the commendations of a Rival; and the more for that *Adrafte* medled but unwillingly in making Verles, seeing so many as he did, come off with little credit in that subject. But *Arnolphe* was dead, and hee hoped in praying him, hee should at least flatteringly soothe his Mistress, and insensibly insinuate in her favours, yet the more; unwilling to give the repulse to a Lady, to whom he had given himself, without whom he could not rest, and with whom he could not live, he endeavoured to render him pleasing and agreeable so far as to celebrate for her the affections of him that living had orethrowne his own. So after having brought *Minerva* home to her house, and being retired to his own lodging, hee made the same Evening the following *Stanzas*, as you see, which the next morning he sent to her at her uprising, to let her see with how much care and readinesse hee did imbrace all in inner of occasion, did at all pertain unto her service. The Verles were these.

*Stanzas*

On the death of *Arnolphe* to *Minerva*.

**C**Ease fair one, cease your mournfull plaints lay by,  
*Arnolphe* is not dead, though absent hence,

*More*



More then the Sun remov'd from off our Skie,  
In shady dark, hath any residence.

No, he's immortall, and amongst the Saints,  
And vainly you importune Heaven too late,  
That hath no eare to lend to such complaints,  
But must in all things too give way to fate. -

Great Love himself that with one thunder might,  
Dissolve the earth, all things annihilate,  
Saw maugre him, brave Hector fall in fight,  
And Troy in dust, lament her ransackt state.

How often mov'd, eye pressed by 'his Favorite,  
And his fair daughter, did he think, to hide,  
But destiny withstood, and did deny it,  
That goodly Empire, from the Grecian pride.

For in the Eternity of vengefull fate,  
Before was Priam doom'd his sentence past,  
Else Pallas power, nor Iuno obstinate,  
Could have his land overun, or laid so wast.

But your Arnolphe here a blessed man,  
Though heaven should chance refuse him & deny you,  
Is happy yet, that he did serve you when  
He liv'd, and more to be lamented by you.

And is not one death then enough, but you,  
Will with your tears, bring back his soul to breath,  
And he must so die twice, and you would now,  
Double your griefs, and twice mourn for his death.

In vain then fall those tears along your face,  
Nor can they move the destinies decree,  
And if they could obtain you any grace,  
That grace were yet, more ill then death can be.

Minerva that the Heavens, caus'd to come down,  
Heer to be seen, perfections object still,  
Ought she to afflict her, for the love of one,  
That to acknowledge it, hath power nor will.

You moan his body, or his soul lament,  
If't be for's body you complain, 'tis gone,  
And if for's soul, your grief hath worse extent,  
For you a good, in place of ill bemoane.

Leave to low mindes, these bootlesse tears these moods.  
Can so much heart, so sooth the sence of crosses,  
We should not drown our reasons, in those floods,  
Nor lose our selves, in weeping others losse.

The room's too fair to be th' retirement still,  
Of a guest so foul, as is perpetuall moan,  
And they without cause, use themselves but ill,  
That pitying others cruell are to their own.

Do you then celebrate's immortall fame,  
And with proud marble heer, his corps inscribe,  
Then let some happy pen divulge his name,  
Throughout the earth, where ere the Sun do's shine.

This

*This doth accord with great Augustus minde,  
And your brave heart, that wont not be so griev'd.  
But t' feed your soul with sorrows, so unkinde,  
And griev'd he's dead, is to lament he liv'd.*

*Quit then your sorrows, yet your grief make even,  
And know when you lament what naturall throw,  
Common to all the World, ordain'd by Heaven,  
Your plaint is most unjust, or what is so.*

These Verses mortified not so many flames in the brest of *Minerva*, as they produced teares in her fair eys; & this cure was one of those that stir up much more grief, then they appease. Yet marvelled shee at the strength of *Adrastes* affection, which had born him to a compliance so contrary to his passion, and howsoever shee was extremely ingrate, shee could not helpe it, but she found her self extremely obliged to him in it. But her departure some few days after, did quickly efface this small good will. Yet she saw *Adraste* once before shee went, thanked him of his pains in her comforts, and left him more affection then shee carried away with her. For shee was then most stedfastly allied to the first object of her love: And *Adraste* hung so even between the affections of *Minerva* and *Cariclea*, that they called him the Knight of the cloven hart. A little time after some Princes of *France* took armies, pretending reformation of the State, and comfort of the people, whom the Souldiers much solaced, by the discharging them of whatsoever they were able to



to carry away for them, *Tatius* that had so well managed the affairs of his house, would now needs meddle with the government of the Kingdome, and seeking so to readvance his private fortunes upon the publique, took part with them. The small number of men that were of his condition, caused that they not onely imbraced him, but renewed the luster of his ancient titles, by the glitter of a new dignity, making him chief of the Councell of that faction, and not putting him in lesser hopes then of the Seals of *France*. He took this occasion to follow some means of reconciliation with his wife, whom he disposed therto very easily for the part shee pretended to in the hopes of her husbands fortunes: And *Tatius* sought her the rather for the need he had of her assistance; for although he were not settled in his new office, he needed mony for his use in it, which he knew not how to raise, but on the caution of *Minerva*, who freely became bound for him, deceived in the hopes of this false prosperity: Fortune was not so favourable to him as shee promised: for that such as had armed for the State, and Republique, comming to a Treaty, used not a word but of their owne particular interests; and left not the people onely more miserable, more ruined then ever; but also *Tatius* discharged of his Office, and his wife burthened with part of his debts. This last affection of *Minerva* being founded on the hope of advantage, could endure no longer then the foundation; so as that was no sooner  
K ruin'd,

ruin'd, but this fell to the ground, and *Tatius* and *Minerva* to as ill intelligence and accord as heretofore; which brought her backe very sodainly to *Paris*. *Adraſte* failed not to go see her so soone as he knew she was come; But in her absence the affections of *Cariclea*, had so occupied his heart, as it seemed there was small roome left for the reestabliſhing thole of *Minerva*. And besides dissention being as it were inseparable and ever fatal to the Realme of *France*, where calmes doe but presage the following stormes, and where those stormes are never calmed but in the occasion of greater and more furious ones, and chiefly in the youth and first yeares of their kings; This last emotion was not so soon appeased, but there arose an other by so much the more to be feared, as the pretext, and cause was more honorable in shew & plausible to most. Which obliging the king to make an excursion into *Normandy* to assure him that Province, consequently obliged *Adraſte* to follow him, who a more faithfull subject then a Lover, preferred his sense of honour, and courage to his apprehension of his amorous delights. Hee let him proceed as far as *Roane* yet, and then to *Deeps*. But hearing hee intended to put himselfe into *Cain*, where the Castle declared it selfe against the City, and the City for his Majesty against the Castle; he should have been exceeding sorry not to have beene at the first place, which the King had ever yet in his owne person beleaguered. He left then *Minerva*, and *Cariclea*, at *Paris*, where his desires, & ease, would still

still have detained him, and made all diligent haste to travailes, to paines, and perills, where his devoir did call him. The history of this siege not being our subject, it shall suffice to let you know that the good fortunes, providence, counsell, and diligence of the King conquered him, this place, in lesse then three dayes. And three daies after al that great Province which gave him meanes, and leisure to prevent his enemies, as we hope to make it appeare elsewhere more seriously. But *Adraste* seeing the warre ended on this side, before any man had once meanes to give notice of his abilities in the least measure, and the King to take the way to *Manns*, tooke that to *Paris*, without other cause then to see his two Mistresses, by whom he was variably agitated; He lov'd them both not onely through his inclination meerly, but also with designe, to the end the one should hinder him to give himselfe wholly to the other, that his sufferance should be by so much the lesse as it should be divided; and by so much the better moderated as it should bee the lesse. An excellent remedy in affaires of love, had not his too perfect fidelity hindred him to put it in practise, for that he served himself as then most happily with it. And after having sometimes scene one, and sometimes the other, he quit them both againe to look out the king, that was as then at *Manns* with his armie. The departure of *Adraste*, the absence of *Brasidas* and *Gracchus*; the disgrace of *Tatius*, and death of *Arnolphe* gave *Crasus* opportunity, who was then at *Paris*, some-



what to renew his affection with *Minerva*, but so far onely as the tearmes of a common wel-wisher. *Adraste* having found a gentleman of his acquaintance called *Chabrias*, a man of great abilities, and no small execution, who being married some three or foure dayes before; had left those lawful pleasures of a bridegroom, to embrace the travailes of warre, met neere *Manns* an other Cavalier, who tould them hee had found some Thirty Commanders about two or three leagues from thence, which it was sayd were of the enemies party. *Adraste* and *Chabrias* had overtaken & left behinde them a company of souldiers belonging to the Queen, that were to joyne with the kings army. They then intreated this Cavalier to advise them of their intentions, and pray their Captaines to follow them a gallope, whilest they went on before. The gentleman failed not to give them the same advise, and the company having overtaken them at a small Village where they stayed for guides, they put themselves in front, and went forwards altogether to a great Towne where these people lay intrenched. But they found they belongd to the King, and that they had but travailed themselves and their horses in vaine, especially *Adraste*, who being hurt sometime before in the legge, drew such store of grosse humors to the part diseased, by the violent motion of this post, as it became almost so bigge as his head. There is a fine house neere *Manns*, and I dare say the most beautifull, and delightfull of the Country, the owner whereof was;

was brother in law to *Chabrias*, a perfect gentleman. *Adrastes* hurt constrained him to stay there, though in the absence of *Chabrias*, and his brother, who had both followed the king to *Flesche*; but there was a Lady whose vertues obliged him no lesse to celebrate her memory, then heaven which since tooke her in the prime and flower of her youth, constraineth all such as have seen her to lament her death. She was a summary of wisdom with beauty. The abridgement of all humane perfections in a woman, and the mirror of her sex. *Adraste* having rather asswaged the forenes of his wound, then perfectly heald it, by the rest and good usage he found in this so sweet a retreat, parted from thence upon an advise he received that the King would be gon with all speed from *Flesche*, and came thither before the departure of his Majesty; But so ill disposed as he had like to have dyed. He fell very happily yet into the hands of a Chirurgion, not a lesse sufficient, then an honest man, who alwaies dressed him with singular dexterity, but he could not be so soone healed, for that the accomplishment depended not so much on the Chirurgions remedies, as the repose of his person. And the King marching directly to *Pont de Se*, *Adraste* sayd as *Pompey* once, It is necessary that I go, but not that I live; Lets away, no danger shall stay me; And easing his legge in a scarfe, he got on horsebacke the next day after the Armie dislodged, roade in one day as farre as that had marched in two, and with so good hap as he was there time

enough to loole his horse that was slaine under him, in the entrenchment the enimie had made before the bridge. This was a mervailous glorious dayes worke to the King, to whose name (after God) we may impute the affright that seized the heart of his enemies; and honourable to all such as endeavoured to become remarkeable therein: Amongst whom *Nerestan* was none of the least, commanding that day as Marshall of the Field, who got a mulquet breach through the thigh, whereof not long after he dyed. I referre such to the history, as would see the particulars of the taking of that place; but will say by the way, it being no part of my subject, that sixty *Perdus*, backt with three Regiments, trode underfoot three Thousand men intrenched, and gain'd the bridge which needed but to have been drawn to have stayed them. That they were but thirteen which at the first entred the City, whereas there was at the least thirty or forty Commanders of the Enemie which issued, without those of our part so much as daring to speake to them because of their weakenesse, nor they to ours, by reason of the affright they were in. That more then sixty of their souldiers, shut themselves up in the Castle, and one of ours amongst them that was not known till the next day. The Leaders of the *Perdus* were *Malisy*, and dead *Masott* Leutenants of the Gards; the latter slaine since at *Clayrac*. The Volentiers found with them in the City were amongst others, the Barons of *St. Iohn*, & of *Monrial*, with three gallant Souldiers of *Languedoc*,



*guedoc*, that *Adraſte* met upon the way with *Taurant*; and but for the hurt of his leg, and loſſe of his horſe, that tooke from him all meanes of being there, he had beene companion of their fortune. I have through the default of my memory, loſt the names of the two firſt, which hath indeed cauſed me do the like by others: The third was called *Albanas* a yong gentleman of ſome Eighteene or twenty yeares of age, who ſeeing a Serjeant of the Guards conſeſt upon the command *Malifty* had given him, to paſſe the bridge to get helpe from the King. I wame the river of *Loire* by night, and went to Mounſieur *Cregni*, who ſent Mounſieur *Miraumonts* cōpany thither. The king loſt not in this day any gentleman of quali y but *Marais*, and two yong gentlemen of the Guards, whoſe names have eſcaped me, Of the enimie that were loſt there, a man cannot well ſay the number, for that the affright forced them headlong into the river, which drowned the moſt of them. But the next day there were buried ſome hundred or fixſcore of the ſlaine bodies. The Earle of *Saintagnan* was there taken priſoner, the Marqueſſe *Focillere*, and the Viſcount of *Betan-Court*, honourably wounded each of them in the arme with a pike. The feare and aſtoniſhment was ſo great, that the King talking after to the Baron of *Meilam* in *Briſac*. *Adraſte* being by, told him that a poore fellow finding a horſeman alive, and armed at all parts in a ditch, rooke from him not only his Armes & horſe, but his cloaths alſo, and left him there ſtark naked. A great many  
of

of people were ill lodged there this night, and *Adraste* in particular, who having no lesse angered his hurt by his labour in the fight, then by his travaile on the way, had the cold Aire for his generall entertainment, the heavens for a covering, and the earth for a Couch, and all for want of knowing his friends quarter, and the meanes to carry him thither had he knowne it, having lost in the disorder two Laquays, and a couple of horses that he left behind him. But amid so many wants, and incommodities he had water enough, of which he dranke plentifully at the expence of the river of *Loire*, on whose banke he passed the night of one of the longest dayes of Summer, more cooly then he had the precedent day, but amongst the dead & wounded bodies, or people gathered together on all sides, in whom he had no knowledge, or trust. The next day he found his horses with one of his footmen, who had look'd every where for him, not lesse estrayed then himselfe, having lost his companion that was never scene since: And the king being gone to lodge in the Castle that had render'd the same day, and the lodgings being all disposed off in the City, and Suburbs, though none to *Adraste*, that had no body to send to demaund it, and was too much busied to go himselfe, for having passed the night without sleepe, and the day before without meate, he no sooner found his Laquay, but he sent him for Provision to the first Cooks: and having asswaged his extreame hunger, passed the most part of that day in the shade under a tree beneath

beneath which he had taken his repast, the violence of the travaile he had undergone, the want of sleepe, and the griefe of his wound forced him to give to rest, such time as others employed to lodge themselves, by the same meanes letting his horses take their rest, and feed, that had no lesse need of it then himselfe. But when he saw it grew late, and that the heavens covered with clouds (whose thundring and lightnings threatened the earth with a sodaine storme) caused him to fear another night worse then that he had passed, he got on horse back to goe to the Castle, well hoping that if so be he could not finde any officer to lodge him, it was impossible but hee should light on some friend with whom he might retire. But it was alreadie darke before he came there; each man toiled with the labour of the day precedent, was retir'd betimes. The King himselfe was in bed, and the Guard of the bodie had already accommodated their couches at his chamber doore. He could have wished to have laine amongst them, but his horses were abroad with his Laquay, and the feare to be denied, the Scotch in *France* being none of the most curteous of the world, though he had the honour to be the Kings servant, caused him that he chose rather to suffer what ever ill might happen to him, then the shame of being repulsed. Having staid then till the Captain of the Guard of the body, would shut in the Castle gates, he went out, it being night; and one so dark as a man could not see but by the beames of the lightning in it: and for his

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better



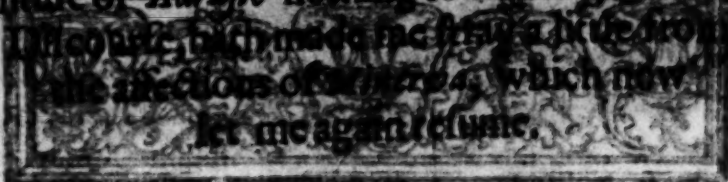
better comfort, it rained so fast as there was not  
 any man left in the streets; So as when *Adraste*  
 was got out he found not his man on horse when  
 he left them. Was not this cripple finely overtaken?  
 he called, he hallowed, and made such a noyse,  
 as some Souldiers as were got to covert under the  
 pent-house or along the streets, told him that there  
 was a boy a sleep between two horses, that neither  
 winde, raine, nor thunder had power to wake.  
 He groped out his way thither, and having roised  
 his youth, got on horsebacke, not onely despairing to  
 finde lodging, but without knowledge where to look  
 it. Notwithstanding being extreemely adry, and  
 thinking these Souldiers could likelier shew him a  
 drinking place, then a lodging, he prayed them to  
 direct him to some Inne where he might drinke a  
 cup. They carried him to the *White-Crosse*, where  
*Monsieur* the Kings brother, his followers lay.  
*Adraste* perceiving it was the *Monsieurs* quarter,  
 hee conceived hope of finding some curtesie  
 there. There were many people before the gate,  
 some desiring to go in, and others calling for  
 wine, who gave way to him. *Adraste* comming  
 neere the gate which was shut, and desiring to  
 speak with some of the *Monsieurs* gentlemen, he  
 was so blessed that one of his friends that was  
 within knew his voice: but not so well but hee  
 asked him his name for better assurance. Gentle-  
 man said *Adraste*, that knew not to whom he spak,  
 you will know me better by face then name, ob-  
 lige me so much as to open the gate, and you will  
 see

see I am the Kings servant. At last he was forced to say it was *Adraft*, and at that name they opened the doore, caused him to enter, and they embraced him. *Adraft* entred not as into an Inne, but a Paradise, ravished with a contentment by so much the greater as he had little hoped it. *Noblesse*, so was this friend called that let him in, caused a bed to be made for him, for though supper were ready, they perceived well that he had more need of repose, then a repast. But there could be spared but one Chamber onely where *Monsieur de Vendôme*, having made it his kitchen but two dayes before, had left such an infection as a man could scarce endure the ill smell. But it being a happinesse to be within there, in comparison of the ill weather abroad, and a greater to have a bed, where others lay on benches, he layd him downe. There is nothing like necessity to give a value to things, nor doe things so appeare or are esteemed but by their contraries. Prisoners deem nothing like liberty of which they are deprived, and which they neglect when they may enjoy it. *Adraft* could not have beleevd there had been such felicity to lodge in a stinking kitchen, which he would not once have lookt in to at another time, if the misfortune, and necessity wherein hee was become had not caused him finde the difference between rest and labour, perill and safety. His horses and Laquay lay and stopped in Prison with divers others in a Garçon that was on the backside of the Inne. On the morrow after having thanked his hosts, he went

to seek the Hablenger, that bilited him in the  
 Suburbs of Saint Martin night against *Chibrias*,  
 and neer the bridge, and sufficiently accommo-  
 dious. Scarce had hee entered his Lodging, but  
 one habited like a Souldier, having saluted him  
 in the street, entreated harbour of him. There  
 is a certaine kinde of fate, that causes misfor-  
 tunes often to encounter their like. *Adraste*  
 observed this man with compassion, seeing him  
 in such a case as himselfe was but lately, had he  
 been hurt, dashed in the rain, lost in the dark  
 of night, as hee was. My friends, said hee,  
 it is not long since, that, if you had requested  
 this of mee, I could very hardly have done it  
 you, but having now means, and knowing the  
 wants that you are in by that I have suffered my  
 self, I shall be very loath to put you off, though I  
 know not who you are. Sir, answered the other,  
 I am such a one, who have seen you in *Paris* with  
 such a one, and coming now out of *Italie*,  
 I am very inconsiderately fallen into this perplexi-  
 ty, endeavouring to follow the Court with a  
 friend, untill the King should return to *Paris*. *Ad-  
 raste* looking him more over in the face, remem-  
 bered it was a Merchant whom hee had seen mar-  
 ried at *Paris*, to a faire Gentlewoman, for whose  
 love, and of a brothers shee had of excellent  
 wit, hee became yet more obliged to pleasure  
 him; so as hee not onely afforded him the ac-  
 commodation hee intreated, but hee took him a  
 long with him as far as *Bordeaux*, where leaving  
 him till their return from *Bearne*, hee after wards



accompanied him so farre as *Saintis*, But this ad-  
venture of *Adaffe* nothing to the subject of my



The Argument

The report of Minerva in affection with Ad-  
affe: a dangerous adventure of his, going to see Mi-  
nerva. A walk of Adaffe with Minerva, and how  
others in company with her at R. R. R.

CHAP. V.

The

The King having appeared this dis-  
order on this side Love, turned  
head towards another, which a-  
role about Carver, after having  
made some small stay about the  
claim. And having left place in Carver, pro-  
ceed as farre as Borne, where he put in execution  
the decree he had made four years before against  
the Hugonots, in favour of the Ecclesiastiques,  
and then returned in all glory to his chif City.  
But that belongs to the History of France, and  
not at all to ours. Nor have we spoke of it but to  
avoid a more tedious discourse which would have  
become made to continue the adventures of  
Adaffe, whole particular return comprehending



### The Argument.

*The reprisall of Minerva in affection with Adra-  
ste: a dangerous adventure of his, going to see Mi-  
nerva. A walk of Adraestes with Minerva, and some  
others in company with her at Ruel.*

### CHAP. V.



He King having appeased this dis-  
order on this side *Loire*, turned  
head towards another, which a-  
rose about *Garonne*, after having  
made some small stay about the  
*Clain*. And having settled peace in *Guien*, pro-  
ceed as farre as *Bearne*, where he put in execution  
the decree he had made four yeers before against  
the *Hugonants*, in favour of the Ecclesiastiques,  
and then returned in all glory to his chief City.  
But that belongs to the History of *France*, and  
not at all to ours. Nor have we spoke of it but to  
avoid a more tedious discourse which must have  
beene made to continue the adventures of *A-  
draste*, whose particular return comprehending

in the generall, we have not now to say, but that having still followed the Court, hee came therewith to Paris, where from the morrow of his arrivall he was taken with a quotidian Fever which brought him so low, as it was not hoped he could ever get up again. He had the help of an excellent Physician in his art, a worthy man, his intimate and perfect friend; to whose care and goodnesse, next under God, hee stands obliged for his life. Amongst his visitors *Minerva* was one, that came to see him, not onely contrary to his expectation, but his hope also, for the continuance of his absence, the travail of the journey, and most of all the violence of his sickness, had so effaced all impressions of his love, as there remained not so much as any line or draught thereof in his memory. He was not in the height of his disease, but in the greatest weaknes of his person, so as when his Fever somewhat ceased on the one side, it seems that this visit prepared for him a new cause to re-align his affection on the other. But yet being visited more by *Chariclea*, then by *Minerva*, the assaults and batteries of the one, ruined and returned even to the ground whatsoever the other erected. Reason and Civility willed that hee being well should see such as had visited him sick. Of which he acquit him very religiously to all, but *Minerva* whom he saw not, in doubt that freeing him of one malady, he might fall into an other, by so much the more to be feared, as those of the minde are generally more dangerous than they of the body. Contempt is the greatest vexation



tion to a high minde, especially when it comes from such of whom they have made esteeme, or from whom they have been accustomed to receive honour and respect. *Minerva* having been so perfectly honoured of *Adraste*, could not indure without despight, that he that had not liv'd but in her, and for her, and of the life, and health of whom, she had testified so great a care, should visit all such as had seen him but her self. And her indignation was by so much the greater, for that she knew he faild not in this duty for want of civility, nor of knowledge. He offends not, said she, of ignorance, but contempt, and believed that it was of purpose. In the end *Adraste* must needs go see her, for shee had sent so often to his lodging as it had bin discourtesie, and ingratitude to have done otherwise. She congratulated his recovery, she civilly complained of his incivility, and pray'd him not onely to see her, but also to write unto her. *Adraste* well saw that these were so many snares set by *Minerva* for his liberty; but hee had scarce power to refuse a thing which he had first demanded of her, had he not bin prevented. And as love is an Enemy not to be vanquished, but by the absence of the thing beloved, very hardly could hee avoid being overcome by such approaches as these were. Two strong conceits wrought in his thoughts, like two contrary winds at Sea, with a perishing v. sell; the most violent which was yet most pleasing, counsell'd, and almost constrained him against his will to love this woman, the other more gentle, and yet more

more troublesome, did utterly forbid it. And as his imaginations figured to him the matchlesse delights he might gather from the passion of such beauties; his memory again presented to him the most affrightfull torments he was sure to suffer but pretending therunto; and the divers shipwracks he had undergone in the same Port, did counsell him in any wise, not now to re-imbarke him there. But the means likewise for him to avoid it, (he that lov'd not his own eys without it were for seeing her, in whom he had already harboured the chiefe felicities of his life) was away. In this conflict or difficulties hee addressed him unto her self, as sole and sovereigne Arbiter of his thoughts, beg'd of her to restore them back the rest she had bereft them off, and to render to her self the same contentment, which her cruelty had ravished from him, in outraging the constance of a Lover, and betraying her own proper desires, through the ingratefull misacknowledgement, wherby she did receive his pure affections. As *Minerva* had bin provoked and agreed at the indifference of *Adraste*, she was now well pleased to see him stirred again with love of her. But being a discreet and subtile woman chiefly in the art of faining, in which she out-went the most exquisite of her sex, shee so farre as possibly she could hid him from her intents, that were to re-ensnare him. And as the ordinary custome of women is to oppose their honour to such as speak to them of love, *Minerva* forgot to hold up this buckler against such armes as *Adraste* could advance,

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vanice, talking to him, yet nevertheless in such a manner of the sence shee had of the one, as shee put him not in despair of such as he had of the other. But they so long had known, and were so well acquainted with one another, that they could not possibly so well dissemble it, but that they espied each other behinde the best curtain could be drawn. *Minerva* proposed extreme difficulties in the love of *Adraste*, and *Adraste* as many resolutions upon those difficulties of *Minerva*: shee alleged first her marriage, which absolutely hindred her to be any way lawfully foughe. *Adraste* put her in minde of *Arnolphe*, whom shee had lov'd before, and since, and whom yet shee lov'd after in death, however shee was straightly obliged to love him, that lived, and was in affection before the other. By which hee let her see that the marriage shee alleged, was but a pretext, by which she covered her ingratitude, being assured that if it had been the true cause that hindred her from loving him, it had bin so as well for another as him. I lov'd *Arnolphe* before I married, said shee, and that love which indeed I bore unto his virtues, nor that which as yet I bear his memory, did ever wrong my honour, where yours tendeth meerly to the subversion of it. Your honor is easily protected in my disertation, answered *Adraste*, and though mine be one thousand times more deer to me then my life, I should chuse rather a thousand times to lose it, then ever so little to have tainted yours. But you are too wise a woman, to be ig-

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rant that honour chiefly doth insist upon the managing, and is not incompatible with love. You are too wise a man likewise, answered *Minerva*, to think what you say; But if so be I should grant you any thing so unfit to be granted, what reason have I yet to quite me of *Arnolphe's* affection, to reinvest me in those of *Adraste*? it were but to passe from one extreame to another, and not onely from a love permitted, to a love forbidden, but from constancie, to inconstancie, and lightnesse; since you are no lesse fickle then hee was ever constant: and howsoever hee be dead, the vertues that I loved in him are immortall, and in such measure living in me, as I have no memory of life without it be to think of, and to live in him. One part of this discourse was true, but the other artificially fained by *Minerva*, to ingage *Adraste* the more, and to let him see how much shee did deserve to be belov'd, in shewing him how capable she was of love, and how much she could cherish the affections of a living man, since she so long retained those of a dead one. I discourse according as I think, said *Adraste*, but you talke not as you thinke: nor content to expresse your want of reason in your words, by accusing me of lightnesse, it seems that you will make it appear that you have lesse in your actions, by the unprofitable affection you beare to the ashes of *Arnolphe*. The cause you have to divest you of which, and put on mine, being reason it self, that should ever counsell you to preferre things profitable to those are hurtfull, the recreative to the

afflictive, and the real to the imaginary. There are three things in the world which produce and do contain all the rest, which be honour, profit, and pleasure, and from his affections you cannot so much as hope of one of them, but on the contrary you must expect trouble, damage, and shame; whereas you may finde them all in the affections of *Adraſte*, with so much precedence, that if the other were yet living, hee must himself be constrained to avow the preeminence, and you to acknowledge the desert, if love were to be judged by the endeavours, and by reason. *Minerva* without approbation, or reproving the reasons of *Adraſte*, proposed still new difficulties, and sometimes declyning her own interest, imitated such *Decoyes*, as to gain an other mans mony, do willingly lose some of their own. Why if it should be so, said shee, an affection cannot be so easily shifted as wee do our smocks, heal mee first of my passion, and then will I cure you of yours. It is most certain, Madam, said *Adraſte*, and I have approved it but too true in that I undergo for you; But where are now those so sufficient reasons by the which you have ere-whiles endeavoured to perswade me that I might easily discharge me of mine? Why serve you not your selfe against your self, with the armes that you so well do handle against others? Why think you it impossible to free you from the passions which you have for a shadow, having to fore believed that it was easie unto me to acquit mee of those I have for you? If the subject of my love be more excellent

cellent then yours, and that I be more easie & capable of love then you, as sure it is too true; does it not follow then that your passion is lesse then mine, and that you may more easily discharge you of it then I? But how will you that I should heal you of a passion which you have for another, if you refuse to receive from me the remedy you did desire of him? I have given my self a little liberty in enlarging of the extent of this discourse, that it belongs to the History, and is necessary to the end that I pretend to therein. If it be a little too long, Lovers will not be much displeased therewith; And others may passe it by, or more seriously fix on some other object. So it is that *Adraste* again setting on foot this discourse on the last speech of *Minerva*, imployed all his five senses to cure her of a disease which indeed shee had not, or least wherwith hee was more infected, then shee, in which it hapned to him just as it did to *Clement Marot*, who seeing his Mistris bleed, and the Chyrurgion telling him that with the ill bloud hee would likewise draw from her the ill humor that rendred her so cruell to him, and that the new bloud that should increase in her veins, should mollifie her spirit and render her more capable of the impressions of love, added afterwards, that it was true, and that she did become more gentle, and susceptible of love, but the thing was, he concluded that it was not of his love. So *Adraste* hath purged *Minerva* of this fancie, in hope that by efacing from her heart the portraict of *Arnolphe*, he might the easi-



filier set there his owne; renderd her truly amorous, but his ill hap would yet, twas not of him, as then. I say then, for that hee hath since found that it was his good fortune; And that he might well say as once a great Captaine did, that he had been lost, if so he had not then been lost.

*Adrasle* having once againe seene *Minerva*, continued his visits so thicke, as it seemed he rather dwelt with her, then went to see her. In the morning hee used there from nine a clocke till noone. After dinner he stayed till supper, and after supper untill midnight. And howsoever his company was so frequent, yet hindred shee not the diligence of his Letters, that followed and forewent him twice a day, as doth the light both wither, and attend the Sun: So as, either by Letter or by presence, *Minerva* could not ope her eyes but she saw *Adrasle* ever before her. From whence proceeded the jealousie of *Crassus*, who as we have sayd, was againe restored to her amity, if not love. The first note whereof that *Adrasle* received, was from her selfe, that had divers designs therein. First she desired to know what he thought of it; and knowing well that *Adrasle* was ignorant that she was beloved of *Crassus*, in discovering the love hee had for her, it shewed shee had none for him: And in manifesting his jealousie, she would render *Adrasle* jealous of *Crassus*, as she had rendred *Crassus* jealous of *Adrasle*. For she as it were swimming her selfe in pleasure at the vexation of an other, even to the torment of her owne soule, and suffering the most

most extreame Martyrdomes, but to procure small ones, it seemed that her repose was in the midst of paines, and sufferance, and the calme of her spirit consisted in the impetuous shocks, and violences, wherewith she agitated others. Shee did affect a rough and high going sea in love, and did esteeme an affection soft and gentle, withered, and fading, if so it were not intermingled with the sharpeasse of some jealousie. Moreover in shewing the jealousie of *Craesus*, because of *Adraste*, she manifested to *Adraste* the affection she had for him, for from the jealousie of the one apparently followed the affection she had for the other, it being certaine that *Craesus* could not bee jealous of *Minerva* for *Adraste*, if hee beleevved not that *Adraste* was beloved of her. To which she added this Art, to faine that she did so much hate and had in horreur that passion, that if *Craesus* had been otherwise pleasing unto her, and that his demerits or his services had obliged her to wish him well, yet was his jealousie such as might ruine and well overthrow what ever good will she could have for him, and confirme all such affections as he pretended to subvert in her. But *Adraste* being no way moved with the jealousie of *Craesus*, onely intreated *Minerva* she would preserve him her affection, which onely he desired to keepe, and feared to loose. That but it, all other things were very indifferent to him, and the passions of his enemies so little regarded, as he beheld them rather with pleasure, then offence. *Minerva* was much deceived in  
this

this answer, for she thought to quicken his affection by the jealousie of another, beleeving like them that esteeme of nothing well that is not deare; that amorous delights cannot be pleasant, if not sharpe. But dissembling, as full well shee knew, and was accustomed to do, she by so much the more approved of this humor of *Adraste*, as he cared little for the jealousie of his Rivall, and made shew to love him the better for it; In the meane while bethinking her of other meanes to heighten his affection, insomuch as this had fayled. We have sayd that *Adraste* visited her at many houres of the day, but chiefly after Suppers, which she had forbidden all others, of purpose to affoord it him onely; and which hee so dearely valued, as hee never fayled to let slip one without going thither. They were lodged in the Suburbs of *St. Germans*, but a good way one from the other; For *Minerva* lodg'd neere the Market, and *Adraste* by the River side. One Evening as hee went to see her according to his custome, he tooke along with him a yong gentleman named *Polinice*, and a Laquay which she had sent then unto him to borrow a book; they were no sooner out of *Adrastes* lodging, to take the way that leadeth along the ditch from porte de *Nisse*, to that of *Bussy*, but they heard some walk after them, and turning about, they saw a man musled up in his cloak that made great haste, having his sword under his arme, and who having overtaken them, followed the same way they held upon the Causey, which is along by the houses.



houses. At the same time they perceived there were others yet, that kept them behind the piles of durt, which the passage of Coaches & Carts causeth commonly in winter along by the ditch. And presently *Adrasfe* perceived that he that had overtaken them, slackt his pace, and reeld as he walked, as if he had been drunke. This man said he to *Polinice*, counterfeiteth the drunkard, and h'is not so, for we saw him walke otherwise then thus, and very upright and lustily, and beleeve me not another time, if it be not to put some trick upon us. Be it what will, answered *Polinice*, I thinke he will gaine little by us. In which saying they walked on still. *Adrasfe* bid the Laquay to goe forward some five or sixe paces with the light before, and not to be surprized, drew his sword from out of his hangers, and bore it upright in his hand, and *Polinice* did the same by his likewise. They walked thus some thirty paces, and overtaking this *Roister*, that staied to the same purpose. When he was amongst them, and hee perceived the others which were not farre off, hee began to call aloud, *Who be those that laugh there?* no man answered a word. But *Adrasfe* houlding this for suspect, and beleeving it was the word given amongst them, as the event proved, bade his footman go on, and *Polinice* follow, keeping himselfe two or three paces before him *Monsieur*, quoth then this gallant to *Polinice*, in siding him, and counterfeiting the stranger, can you shew me the way to St. Germans gate. No *Monsieur* answered *Polinice*, scoffing him, I am

not off this Country, more then your selfe are, nor do I know the streets of the City. I am glad of that answered the other, whats that he would have sayd *Adrasfe*, who extreemly mistrusted these devices. *St. Germans* gate replied *Polinice*, *St. Germans* gate Sir, quoth the Impostor. Looke you where tis said *Adrasfe*, you are at it, or at least in a faire way to it. I thanke you Sir replied the Rogue; who not two steps after, seized on *Polinices* sword, saying, what will you draw your sword? So soone as *Adrasfe* heard talk of swords, he drew his, but howsoever it were as sodainely as he could speake, he had not so soone drawn it, but it was layd hold on, and their light put out at the very instant; which saved his life, for those that layd hands on him, casting themselves altogether, and at once upon him, one wounded the other in seeking to kill him. So as of many thrusts made in the crowd, and in the confusion of this darknesse, there was but one touched him, and that upon the arme. All the others lighting on the parties themselves, on whose behalves they were made. But feeling his sword engaged, and seeing himselfe in the midst of so many enemies, as the greatnesse of their number hindred themselves, he heard some cry out kill, kill, and at the same time others, Oh you kill me; which put him in such a fury as having recovered his sword in two or three shocks, hee made himselfe such place, as the field, and fought battell rested on his side. As for *Polinice*, *Adrasfe* thought him dead, for that he had heard him call out *Murder*,

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*Murther*, and having seen him fall to the ground; he beleev'd certainly they had killed him. But these theeving Rogues having taken their flight, and the Neighbours being come in at the noise, with their weapons, & lights, he found that he had disingag'd his sword, and quit himselfe of them with the losse of his cloake, and some light hurts he had received, wherewith he was become lesse bloody, then miry. Quite contrary to *Adraste*, who found himselfe more fowled with blood then dirt, though it were with that of his enemies; For the thrust he received on the arme was so favorable, as it pass'd not the skin further then the flesh. He lost not his cloake, but his Hat falling off, and his Galloshooes, both one and the other were presently found in the Street, with the sheathes of their swords. And howsoever that after the distemper of such an incounter, he had more cause to retire to his lodging, then follow his designe; so is it, that apprehending more the affright *Minerva* might take at this newes, then the damage might come to him in the visit, hee beleev'd it was a small cause to deprive him of a good, which he beleev'd could not bee too dearely bought, not with the greatest mischief of the world: And this hindrance not having served but more to re-inflame the desire hee had to see his Mistresse, he tooke onely another Laquay with another Torch at his lodging, and in the same case hee was in, hee came presently with *Polinice* to that of *Minerva*; hee found her and the Laquay yet shaking at the affright they



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had tane, and he recounting to her the death of *Adrasfe*, and *Polinice*: For having seen them laid hands on, and invironed by so many, he beleeved not that they could escape, and for him, it was easie to flee, for that they had nothing to do, but with his light, which being at first put out, they gave him very good leisure to retire. So soon as *Minerva* saw *Adrasfe*, she seemed to rejoyce extremely, And I assuredly beleeve it was no way fained, whatsoever hath beene sayd, that this ambush was layd, and *Minerva* had not sent for the booke by her Laquay, so much for that, as to bring him in compasse of the snares of these Rascals, which could never enter in the thought or beliefe of *Adrasfe*. You have prevented me of an ill nights rest, sayd she, which this companion went about to prepare for mee: I beleeve you could not have bestowed a visit on me this good while, or so pleasing, or necessary as this was; But tell mee, how happened this misfortune to you? Madam, answered *Adrasfe*, your Laquay is not so blame worthy as you may thinke, for he saw me in such case, as there was more liklihood that he left me dead, then alive: But it pleaseth God that I live yet for your service, and to bestow on you more necessary visits, and more pleasing nights then this. And then he recounted at large to her what had befallen him since Supper, whilst the uneloaked gentleman *Polinice* entertained her women with the same discourse. Very well sayd *Minerva*, then I bid you good night, and desire you come no more at such houres



houres to see mee. That is to take good nights from me, answered *Adraste*, and not to give mee good night, this same command not to see you any more by night. It shall be what you please, replied *Minerva*, for I shall indeed rather chuse to take from you good nights, then suffer upon my occasion that you perchance have your life taken from you, as you have now very narrowly escaped with it. *Adraste* accepting her will for reason, retir'd with his good, or ill night, after having tould her, that God did reserve him to some better end; and that on no occasion his life could be so well imployed, as in the losse of it, for so worthy a Subject.

*Adraste* being retired without any further mischance, passed the night as accustomed in the thought and contemplation of an enchanted Lover, by the charmes of a fair Mistris. The next morning rising very early, he went to take a turn at the *Lowre*, where he was informed of the departure of the King. It was at the time of the great assembly at *Rebell*, which being made against his Majesties permission, and continued contrary to his cōmand, gave cause to the Court of Parliament to declare them that held it rebels, and to the King to arme himself, for the defence of his authority. *Adraste* went from thence to the uprising of *Minerva*, carried her these sad news, not so much lamenting the publique misfortune that threatned the State with a civill war, as his own particular condition, that forced him leave his Mistris, to use his life in a quarrell  
wher-

wherein he had so little interest. For howsoever  
 he were not constrained by any place, or benevo-  
 lence of the Kings, he was nevertheless born and  
 enforced thereto, by the laws of his own worth  
 and honour. But since that nothing induceth  
 you said *Minerva*, to follow the King but your  
 honour, you are not obliged to follow him other  
 where then in service. Let other men then go a-  
 long and wait on him, whose offices and pensions  
 doe oblige them to attendance every where be-  
 sides, and do you stay untill he does sit down be-  
 fore some place, or that hee hath made some o-  
 verture of war wherein you may be seen to do the  
 service you desire: and think not then that I will  
 make it difficult to give you leave, for that your  
 life being of smaller esteem to me by much then is  
 your honour, I shall rather chuse to command  
 then to forbid it you. *Adraste* was easily perswa-  
 ded to stay with a Lady, whom indeed hee could  
 not indure to part from, but seeing he had not li-  
 berty to entertain her as hee wished in her house,  
 where she was watched by her own people, gai-  
 ned and corrupted by *Crassus*, & the prime of the  
 Spring, inviting every one to see the beauty of  
 the Country, hee intreated her to bear him com-  
 pany to *Ruel*, to the end that no other but the  
 Nymphs of those fountains should be by at the  
 last farwells hee would take of her. *Minerva* that  
 desired but to passe time away, rendred *Adraste*  
 his desires in that, by contenting likewise her  
 own. But what she might easily and absolutely of  
 her self have done, was accompanied with so  
 many

many limitations and circumstances, as the pleasure of it was ever lesse then the sufferance, were it that by the difficulty she would render her favours, the more estimable; or were it a quality inseparable in love, that often promisseth much sweetnesse, where naught is reaped but much bitterness. Reason, and what was decent not suffering that she should go alone with *Adraste*, caused her to take with her an old Gentlewoman that was rather her Governesse then Servant, with two little children that she had had by *Tatius*, and would yet have *Plancus* and *Melite*, besides of the company. *Melite* was one of her friends, and *Plancus* a new Captive of *Minerva's* whom she had inslaved without *Adraste* once perceiving it: whom she made believe, how shee could render him amorous of *Melite*. *Adraste* agreed very willingly to that, thinking that whilst *Plancus* entertained *Melite*, and that the Governesse should be busied with *Minerva's* children, he should have no ill opportunity to govern her. But the difficulty was to get from her house, and people unsuspected, for she would not by any means that they should know of this journey, for fear it might come to *Craffus* care. And this Lady otherwise exceeding able; had already given him such Empire over her, as not so much as ever remembering *Tatius* that was her husband, she let her self be troubled with the jealousie of a man, that she said was nothing to her, and that she seemed not onely to be unable to love, but also one of whom shee could not endure to be beloved. It is most



certain that such as be in love are blinde, for if *Adrasfe* absolutely had not bin so, he might by this have seen that *Crassus* had more interest in his Mistris, then himself. But he believed more in her words, then in his own eyes. To the end then that *Minerva's* people should take no notice of the designe, she willed that *Adrasfe* should wait very early in the morning at Church with a coach and four horses, that *Plancus* and *Melite* should come thither another way without either of them comming neer her, and that she would meet there at the same time with her little companions. The Coach and horses they were ready almost before day; scarce was the Church doore opened but *Adrasfe* was got in; hee had heard at the least two Masses, before *Plancus*, or *Melite* came, though they failed not at the houre appointed them, but she that appointed it failing them many houres after. And after having waited one or two, which were so many ages to the impatience of *Adrasfe*, who had sent three or four Messengers one after another, that brought back word, that she was ready, that she was come out, that she came; shee arrived at last about ten a clock when every one began to despaire of her coming at all. And in place of excuse for having made the company stay so long, she would needs perswaded *Adrasfe* that hee was extremly bound to her for the pains shee had taken in getting so soon away from her household, and affairs both: for she told him that she had an occasion of extraordinary importance at the Palace, which she had

had neglected for his love. *Adraste* replied not a word to that, but letting her say what she would, got him into the Coach with her, sufficiently manifesting by his silence, and looks that he was more offended at her words by which she would excuse her fault, then at the fault it selfe. They were soon out of the City keeping the direct way to *Ruel*, when *Minerva* angered at *Adrastes* silence and grudge, asked him whether he had desired her to accompany him into the Country to aire themselves there, or his ill humour? and seeing he still forbore to speak, she continued, I am very unhappy to quit such company as adored and revered me, to finde me slighted here, and to have neglected my affaires, to offend them I thought to have obliged. Turn about Coachman, said *Adraste*, without answering *Minerva*, and drive to the Palace, that this Lady may by no means neglect her businesse. It is not possible to expresse the des pight shee tooke at these words. He shall turn I assure you, said shee, or I will go back thither a foot. But *Meliste* blaming *Adraste*, and gently entreating *Minerva* that would by all means have returned, perswaded so farre as they followed on their way to *Ruel*. *Minerva* notwithstanding having got out of the Coach, *Adraste* took her under the arme, and led her along a fair way more then a mile, whilst the Coach followed them softly with the others that were in it. And as Lovers are soon angry, and soon pleased, and re-aligne the fires of their affections by the breath of such brabbles, they had not so soone



began to discourse together, but they became agreed: For *Minerva* cared not if one offended her, so they asked pardon of the offence. And *Adraste* cared not to offend her on those termes, if it were a giving her offence, to relent the offence he had received from her. Arrived at *Ruel*, the first thing they talked of was dinner; after which they fell into discourse, which they themselves would be much troubled to resaye, watched yet by that importune old Beldam, who unable to follow them walking, left not yet to importune them with her eyes thorow every Ally of the plots, and parteries into which these excellently beautifull Orchards are divided. Notwithstanding, the burthen of age, and the care she had of the little ones in her charge, gave leisure and opportunity yet to our *Adraste*, sometime to enjoy his Mistress in the cool of a shade, whilest *Plancia* and *Melité* entertained each other in another place, where in the presence of the Nymphs and other loanly deities of those sacred fountains, their waters were taken to witnesse the eternity of their flames, *Adraste* summoning yet, things more firme and solid, swore that the Heavens should change their course ere he his Mistress; and that the earth should sooner leave her firme stability, then his love its lasting quality. And *Minerva* swore that waters should rise upward, and fire descend downward, ere she would leave to love *Adraste*. But those things shee swore by being light, and transitory, could not produce but lightnesses, no lesse agreeing with  
their



their qualities, then her nature. After having pleasantly past the remaynder of this day, they took again the way back to *Paris*, so late as they durst stay, but they got not thither without danger, for the Coachman being drunk, drove his Coach so carelessly over a bridge in the way, as for lack of take heed, the Horses, Coach and all that was in had like to have fallen into the water, but God was pleased to shew them the precipice onely, & keep them out of it. The rest of the way, they talked not but of the journey of *Adraste*, *Minerva* wishing it as short, as happy to him; and *Adraste* beseeching her not to let such, (as then hee being present desired to crosse his fortunes) any way to ruine them in his absence; it being a certainty that such as sought to overthrow him, in her affections being now with her, would not forbear when he were gone. *Minerva* complained of this his request, as grounded she thought, upon the mistrust *Adraste* had of her faith and constancie, and shewing him the Sun that as then yet shined; so long, said shee, as this so glorious a Planet, still shall be the light and comfort, of all mortall men, so long shall you be mine; I could pardon one that had not known my minde so well as you, but you are by so much the lesse excusable as you the better know it. *Adraste* excused him, if the danger to lose a thing, the preservation wherof was so extreemly valued by him, and the losse so ruinous, had constrained him to intreat her to preserve her affection to him; which should he lose,

he must for ever grieve the mischance, and never cease to accuse his fate or indeferts, and keeping it as now she did assure him she would; he should part thence with such felicity, and comforts in himselfe, as he promised fortune, never more to take offence at any lucklesse chance shee ere should put upon him. In conclusion of this Discourse they came to the City, & to went let down *Minerva* at the end of the street wherein her house was, for she would not suffer them to accompany her any further, nor for fear of *Tatius* who was farre enough off, and for whom she cared little, but for fear of increasing the jealousie of *Crassus* that lay at watch in the same street, where he had taken a lodging to way-lay all resort to *Minerva's*. And for that shee desired they should believe yet that she cared not for him; *Adraste* poor man that saw this, gave, as I say, more faith to the witnesse of her words in the contrary, then he put in his own eyes that saw it. For this cause it is; They say that love is blinde, insomuch as passion hood-winketh all such as follow him, troubles their judgment, and takes from them their very knowledge. *Plancus* went home with *Melite*, and *Adraste* retired to his own lodging with intent to write to *Minerva*, as if it had bin some long time, since he saw her furious effects of a violent and extraordinary affection, which we will now leave, the sooner to see the end of the first part of this Book.

The



## The Argument.

*The droers pursuits of Crassus and Adraſte. The departure of Minerva, her returne, and confidence in Adraſte. The ſodaine diſfavour of Adraſte on the Eve of his parting, and the Letter he wrote to Minerva. As alſo the reconciliation of Adraſte with Minerva, and his departure for the Army.*

## CHAP. VI.

**T**Hat very Evening was Crassus advertiſed of this walke of Minervas with Adraſte, (they ſay he was ſo diligent in thoſe things as he went even to the Divil himſelfe for intelligence) but his Empire being as yet not well confirmed, he durſt not complaine but modeſtly to her, and was contented with reaſon backe. But the meanes by which he eſtabliſhed his government, were quite contrary to thoſe of Adraſte, as the men, were nothing alike. For Adraſte proceeded with freedome and all manner of ingenuousneſſe, and Crassus went forwards by ſtealth, and in many windes and turns, hiding a profound deſigne, under an excellent Artifice. Adraſte knowing that a generous ſpirit aimeth



chiefly at glory, and holding *Minerva* for such, rendered her the honors *Crassus* could not; and without meddling in her affaires, endeavored only to conforme her to his pleasures, hoping that his compliance, gentile fashion and affection, should render him more worthy her love then his Rivall. *Crassus* tooke another course, for finding that he had not in him those good parts that sufficed to win the heart of *Minerva*, & render him preferable to so many others at all parts better qualified then him, of all whom she was honored, and adored; under pretence of officiously embracing her affaires, first he got her papers, and writings into her hands, and not long after, her Jewells, to the end that both the one and the other, should render him necessary, since hee could not render himselfe amiable; and that this necessity, and fitnesse, might become love, as it had don with *Tatius*, though he had more cause to shun, then imitate the example, had hee beene counselled by his Reason, and not by his passion. And *Minerva*, that already once before had been taken in the like snare, after having beene often forewarned, suffered her selfe yet againe to bee caught, but it happened not till after the departure of *Adraste*. In the meane time two or three daies after the journey to *Ruel*, the King leaving *Paris* to go to *Saumur*, caused *Adraste* to provide to follow him. When see, upon an advise that *Arlande* was fallen sicke some forty Leagues from *Paris*, *Minerva* resolved presently to go see her, her affection overcomming all difficulties that oppo-

opposed her endeavours, which indeed were then no small ones, for the want of a Coach, the aboundance of fowle weather, nor the inconvenience of the waies, could any whit divert her therin. *Craffus* had the first notice, as he to whom the packets of *Minerva* were still addressed, who being unable to accommodate her with more then one Nag to carry her, it was needfull to make use of *Adraffe*, but he was ready to be gone; and to borrow his Horses at the time of his departure, was somewhat out of season. Notwithstanding which, *Minerva* tould him, if hee were not urged to depart by any necessity, she would intreate him to lend her a horse for some five or fixe dayes. *Adraffe* was so farre from refusing a horse to *Minerva*, that he could haue wished himselfe one, for the happinesse of such a burthen, and already envied the honor of the beast should beare so sweet a burthen; which for all that had beene but a miserable good fortune, for shee returned him his horse so jaded, and cripled, as he never did him service after. But *Adraffe* wished he had beene as much worth, as himselfe, or as much as he could hope in the world, and that he had died in her service; beleeving that his life could not be better employed, then in so happy losse of it. But hee was not content to send her a horse onely, he went and offered himselfe to be her guide, all other occasions set apart, and most humbly intreated her to give him leave to waite upon her. She thanked him, prayd him to stay her returne to *Paris*, of newes of her there at least, and

and to take the charge on him, of sometimes seeing her children for her, whom she left in the hands of the *Gouvernesse* we have before spoke of: and parted the same evening in extream bad weather, accompanied onely with one man, and a maide that attended her. *Adraste* bore her company, untill such time as she commanded him returne; and being forbidden to follow her any further, hee accompanied her yet with his eyes so farre as his sight gave him leave, and then exceeding pensive, he returned not to his lodging, but *Minervas*, to cheere him for her absence in the entertainment of her children. Who in the first innocence wherein they were yet, not knowing any thing of their Mothers absence, caused in him no lesse pittie of them, then she caused love in him. In the meane time while he busied himselfe there, a knavish Laquay, with whom hee had increased his followers for the Journey intended, having before taken notice of some moneys he had to that use provided, intended to lay hands on it, which he so happily brought about, that at his going from thence, *Adraste* found himselfe first without Footman, and so soone as hee came to his Lodging, without money, which was indeed a divertisement, but very hurtfull to his purse, and little wholesome for his passion, for it yet hindred not, but he thought still on *Minerva*, that to say truth, tooke up his whole thoughts: And in the violence of that griefe hee suffered by the absence of two or three dayes, he apprehended what hee was to undergoe in the  
length



length of so many months, so as he was not onely burthened with his present ills, but likewise with those were to come. But *Minerva* having found her Mother in better state then she expected, came backe to *Paris* eight daies after her departure, with the same diligence shee was gone from thence: and by her returne dispersed such clouds as darkned the serenitie of *Adrastes* spirits, that might say with one,

*That as her parting caused him grieve amaine,  
So greatest Ioyes with her return'd againe.*

The first day of her arivall was passed in complements, gracious favours, and kind welcomes. The second, however *Adraste* never feasted uninvited, as the French hath it, nor tooke notice of any others affaires, but when he was thereto required, shee intreated him to perswade one of her Farmors to give up the Lease of the lands she formerly had made him. This Tennant of hers was a clowne, if ever were such, and yet a more knave then clowne; So as hee deserved to have beene well cudgel'd, nor would *Minerva* have tane it amisse. But *Adraste* loving the reputation of his Mistris equall with his owne, and seeing it was not for the honour of the one or the other to beate this Looby, rendr'd him, how extreamly so ever brutall; yet so capable of reason in the end, as he promised not onely to give up his Lease, but also to become conformable to the will and pleasure of *Minerva*. *Minerva* as then had few thoughts to which *Adraste* was not made

P

privy,

privy, for in recompence of his service, she communicated her secrets, at least such as he had not interest in. For prooffe whereof, she recounted to him an action of *Tatius*, which well noteth the great confidence betweene them. *Tatius* being privately some time before come to *Paris*, got one day unperceived to his Wives house, where staying below in a little Parlour, hee caused *Minerva* to be called downe thither, who not believing she might honestly refuse to see her husband, notwithstanding any ill, came down to the same roome, where he stayed her. After having saluted, *Minerva* praying him to walke up into her chamber, he told her, that he had but a little while to stay there with her, and hee desired not to be seene, no not of her servants, and that being borne away by that extreame affection which he ever had for her, she must beleve that this visit so unexpectedly made, and by stealth, was a sufficient testimony thereof. But thou most faire *Minerva*, continued he, having tane her in his armes, art thou not in pittie any whit sensible of my misfortunes? Sir, answered *Minerva*, I am not so insensible & stony, but I suffer some impression from your passion; and in your disgraces do compassionate yet as in mine own. But you know well the cause that parted mine from your interest, and I wish no other Iudge in this case, then your selfe. Indeed said *Tatius*, I did not use you I confesse as your demerits did oblige me; but excuse the passions of a Lover, pardon him that does repent him, forget the ills that I have done you,

you, and but now remember you of all the good that I have wished you, you shall make nature a lyar, if you become not then as pittifull, as you are faire, if you have not the same sweetnesse in your minde you carry in your looks. They were all alone, for the servant that had called downe *Minerva*, was gon out, and *Tutius* enjoying those rights the opportunity, and his condition afforded him, and reducing so his words into actions touching the heart of *Minerva*, which was not made of wood, or marble, as partly by consent, partly by force, he reentered the possession of those favours he had formerly lost. But so soone as hee had satisfied his owne desires, See but the thanks of this disloyall, and ingratefull soule. No man can witnesse, said he, that I have now been heere, Thinke not I came for love of thee, but of my owne revenge; to the end, that after having left with thee what I can utterly deny, I so may give thee lost. Lo here the wicked act of *Tutius*, which amongst the most remarkable balences that ere were perpetrate, may hold the place of the most enormous treason, and the most faithlesse wickednesse, that husband ever committed gainst a wife. *Minerva* never trusted this secret but to the fidelity of *Adraffe*, who never abused that trust, or ever wronged her in it, and if hee hath spoke on't since, it hath beene still to her defence, gainst such as have accused, and blamed her much, for living from her husband. And to make seen what cause she had to be for ever doubtfull and mistrusting such and so inveterate and fetled a malice.



As *Adrasste* had no care that tended not to the service of *Minerva*; it seemed no lesse that shee had no inclination but tended to the love of *Adrasste*: She spake not but of his merits, remembered her not but of his services, nor in appearance, thought of any thing more then of the meanes to acknowledge them. Yet this faire sunshine, but presaged a storme. Sailors have cause to feare a calme too smiling, And physitions think it not amisse to doubt a health too perfect and secure; for as the one doth but presage a furious storme, the other argues still a dangerous disease. But when that sicknesse doth succeed excesse of health, Raines, a great winde, or stormes ensue grosse clouds, no man at all is moved thereat; for that already were foreseen the signes that usually precede. But when that in a time cleere and serene, the face of heaven is in an instant bound about with clouds; Or that we see a man to die at going out of bed, that did arise in health; Tis then we do become affraid, and that amazement, seiseth us, for that we are surprized, and by so much the more astonished, from these accidents as we could not foresee the event. So had there beene but any cause, or a pretext that had preceded the disgrace of our *Adrasste*, here, hee had not marvailed at it aught, for he knew well what kinde of soule he had to deale withall. But all at once when he the least expected it, and that he did esteeme himselfe the most in favour with his Mistress, not knowing why, or doubting how, hee found him fallen in her contempt: and in the place

place of recompence and those kinde favours, whereof his tried affections, and his services did render him most worthy, he did yet undergo the scornes and chastisements, which he had no way merited. He had not three dayes to stay in *Paris*, when going to see her one morning a little later then hee was wont, hee found shee was gone to Church, whither very readily following her, rather in desire to see her, then for any other devotion he had: It is no mervaille that God permitted him to be so ill entreated. She had in her company only the Governesse, and had already heard Masse upon the arrivall of *Adraste*, who having bid her good morrow, presented her his hand to leade her home, dinner time pressed them not so, but having sufficient leisure, fair weather to walk in, and the place they were in, inviting them thereto; *Adraste*, that thought he might have better liberty to entertaine her in this walke, then at her house, intreated her to take a turne in the Garden of that faire house, belonging to the *Queene Mother*. And *Minerva* admitted him to conduct her, as well to entertaine him, though very differently, and with an entertainment, and welcome much contrary to the desires and hopes of *Adraste*. So, as he pressed her to recompence his services, and at the least, would needes have some kinde favour from her; for him to beare along with him unto the warres. *Minerva* changing her discourse, did tell him straite, that his so frequent visits, and disorderly addresses unto her, had scandalized her much with all the

Neighbours bout her house, so as she was intreated to intreat him come more seldome there, that esteeming his company as she did, she could not deprive her of it, she sayd, with little grieve, of which she did beleve that hee would have his part, but knowing likewise that he did esteeme more of her reputation, then himselfe, she hoped he alwaies would preferre that good, to any pleasure that he could receive from seeing her; that would the best she might temper her sorrows for not seeing him, with the remembrance she would keepe of him; And never should she have so living in her breast, ought else besides as that everlasting memory of his deserts. *Adraste* having such a lecture, upon the Eve of his departure, lost all manner of patience, and straine it came into his head, that it was but an effect of the jealousie of *Crassus*, and that contempt he had ever had of him till then, turned into fury; He remembered him of the advise *Minerva* her selfe had given, and how oft she had sayd that all her house was still averse to him but she; and casting an eye upon the Governesse, accompanied her, he did beleve, as it was true indeed, that nothing but her counsailes, and seducements could have power to make her capable of his disgrace, and her maliciousnesse. And as amongst a multitude of things one knows not what to chuse, or leave; So *Adraste* did not know in so great choise, and such diversity of Reasons, what to answer her; so from the abundance of his Reason, did proceed his want of words. At the last his passions  
brea-



breaking silence; this he sayd. Madam, so long as you assured me that it could not alter your affection, I have scott my enemies, and made mee merry at their jealousies; but now that you doe let me see the contrary, by a discourse so out of season, and all fence, it is no fighting them. And I see well to what it tends. *Minerva* perceiving that *Adraste* spake this by *Crassus*, answered in his favour, and by her answer as it were partaking in his interest, shee more incensed *Adrastes* fury, who not willing to continue this discourse further with a woman, and one he had so perfectly adored, left her to walke alone with the Governesse, and went to *Crassus* his lodging, resolved if he met with him, to make him tak to his sword. But not finding him, hee passed away his rage in dining with an ill appetite. *Minerva* retiring home extreamly grieved, that she had so reduced *Adraste* to despaire, and apprehending what mischance might rise thereon, instead of going to dinner, went to bed tormented even to death, and much offended at the Governesse, and *Crassus* too, the cursed Authors of so unhappy counsels. *Crassus* coming to her hereupon, and then much out of time, desiring to impart his passions, found so ill a welcome, that having very handsomely received her leave to be gone, hee tooke her at her word, and went not onely away from her house, but out of the City also, though not very farre, for he returned within two daies, were it on his owne motion, or that she sent for him. *Adraste* having sent away his Equipage before,

7 fore but after the King. changed the desire he had to call *Crassus* to account, into a much better design of serving his Prince, and more bravely manifesting his courage in occasions more honourable & more dangerous indeed to take his journey the next morning, with a Horse and one Laquay onely, which he had caused to be left for him, he was thought to conclude his leave taking, and bid some adieu which as yet he had not done, and he determined to depart without once bidding farewell to *Minerva*. Who returning the same day from Vespers, and seeing *Adrastes* Laquay who waited him with his horse at the door of a Ladies lodging by, asked him where his Master was? Madam answered the Laquay, he is within here. Why replied *Minerva*, and is he not yet gone? not yet Madam but his Equipage is already well forwards on the way, these words touched the quick, for *Minerva* thought *Adraste* had not bin so neer ready, nor that hee could have resolved to part without bidding her adieu. But whatsoever she thought, dissembling it before the laquay, she said to him well my good friend tell him, I pray, that I do kisse his hands. The Laquay failed not to tell his Master so at his coming out from thence, which did not alter him at all, but on the contrary the little day which yet rested importuned him more then that, and hee wished night were passed, to the end he might the next day make a great journey forward on his way, and by so much withdraw and bear himself the further from this thanklesse and ingratefull soul. Not with.

withstanding which he had wrote a Letter that he determined should be delivered to her when he was gone, by which he gave her to understand.

*That if he had followed the stream of his first motions, to which the violence of hers had born him, hee had let her see an action, which shee not onely had permitted, but the indifference that shee had manifested unto him, had cleerly ingaged him to. That hee had sought, found, and ruined the honour which she did so much esteem, or else himself, which yet hee could not think; or at the worst it had bin the best, that could befall him, for that his life was so unhappy by her meanes, as it must needs have been a great good fortune to have lost it. But since upon reflection in himself and having lesse regard to his own passions, then to the interest she had in them (whatever oath she had taken to have none) hee had believed that it should no way misbecome him, goe his way to a place, where a more great and honourable danger might make seen to her, his more obdience and courage, then hee could render her in the defeat of one, so miserable, whom he did deem sufficiently punished in the vexations shee would procure him. Besides he was not willing to ruine so many incomparable proofs of affection, as hee had daily manifested, by one action that might be the least displeasing to her; and not expecting that there could be found content for him after (for her pleasure) being banisht from all that he enjoyed in the whole earth. That this had caused him hasten his desire, least some new accident, with the remembrance of so bloody a*



discourtesie, bore him not yet to mend himselfe as hee could. And however that hee parted thence, deprived of the honour of her sight, by her so cruell doom, with as much spoile and ransack as an extreme fury could possibly make in the brest of a man, hee yet did beare along with him, those his affections to her as freshly living even in this her great disfavour, as if shee had honored him with all the graces, that shee could conferre. Which now hee did not say to bend her ought to pittie; for hee in giving her this last adiew, did give it also to all hope to see her face, or once to write to her more; but twas to let her see the constancie and excellence of his tryed love, since that he did conserve it yet, within the midst of losse, and that how low and base compared with his were those affections which shee yet preferred to his.

*Adrasse* bethinking him of means to deliver her this Letter, was visited by three or foure of his friends, that caused him to sup at home, and to passe with them the remaynder of this troublesome day. After Supper, taking the ayre with the same company along the walk by the River, which is right against the *Louvre*, and talking of his departure, as one that meant to be on horseback by eight a clock in the morning, he felt one pull him behind, and turning head, hee saw *Minerva's* Footman, who having caused him break off discourse, and bid adiew to the company, presented him with a note from his Mistris, which *Adrasse* as then did not open, nor could hee have read it without light; But hast thou said he, to the

Laquay

Laquay, nothing else to say to me? No Sir, answered hee, but that I most humbly kisse your hands. Well then, return said *Adrasse*, and presently bear back this Letter to your Lady, which I had thought should not have bin delivered till after my depart, and having given him his Letter, went into his lodging to read *Minerva's*, that was to this purpose.

*These lines that bring you my adieu, since I my selfe cannot otherwise give it, may assure you that I doe wish you a happy journey, and a ready return thus am your servant.*

Howsoever *Adrasse* were extreemly incensed against *Minerva*, he became so appeased by the reading this note, as he resolved to see her that Evening, though it were very late, In which might well be seen he was truly amorous; And that *Minerva* knowing him no lesse easie to be regained, then rejected, caused these devises with him on assurance or rather presumption she had of regaining, or calling him back at pleasure. Going then to her house, they told him that she was in bed: but if he would go up to her chamber he should not fail to see her. So went he up and having sat him down on her bed side, after saluting her, but with countenance somewhat cool, and shamefull, said she to him before he had leisure to speak. Now you see my goodnes very true, said *Adrasse*, yet are you as slow of compassion, as ready of anger, if you were but as quick

to heal, as you are to hurt you might yet be better. But what will you say of my easinesse, said she, that had not the heart to let you part, without calling you backe. Nay, what will you say of mine, answered *Adrasse*, that had not the spirit to go my ways, after so many indignities, without returning upon so small a signe, as you gave me that you desired it. Call it not easinesse, it is obedience in you, answered *Minerva*, or rather your duty, you cannot be a slave, and a free man, both at once, nor to be to mee, and execute your own desires, without conforming them to mine. It is then lesse in you answered *Adrasse*, without you will have it easines to call back by reason, him you had banished without cause. It was an easines in you to take from me your company, and a generosity, to render me again, since there is nought so slack and ill as is ingratitude, nor any thing more generous then is a free acknowledgment & requitall. You say your pleasure, answered *Minerva*, and I have done as I ought. As you ought Madam, replied *Adrasse*, was it a part of your devoir, to forbid me visiting you the Eve of my departure, behoved it you, to have permitted me so long, just then to barre and keepe me out. Behoov'd it you to have so many times given notice to me of my Rivals jealousies, to banish me upon the first complaint I made of them, and openly so much oppose your passions, to my Reasons. Nay, sayd *Minerva*, lets abolish now, and quite forget those things; I protect the absent gainst the present ever. And you are ignorant what I have



have said to him on your behalfe, you being away; and you perhaps thinke much at what hee holds himselfe contented with. Madam answered *Adraste*, absolutions and forgivenesses, if so you meane, are still for crimes, as recompences are for services. You have cause to wish you could forget the wrongs you have done to mee; And I have reason nerethelesse to urge my satisfaction. As to the cause that others have to please themselves, or to complaine them, of the usage, good, or ill, that you afford to them, I not observe, or neere, or further off. I have told you heretofore, that your deportment was so just on my behalfe, as that the very wrongs which you have done to mee; to me, have yet seemd good. But I complaine that any one should ere controule both mine, and your carriage, that people no way interessd in the one, or other, should yet take upon them both. And above all I needes must grieve, that you, that ought not once to grant your pardon to the thought, should have so much approved the effect, as that in place of being offended gainst that tyranny, seeks to subject you, to the furious jealousie of one; you take offence against your humblest vassall, that hath never ownd a thought, but how he might honor you. Well then sayd *Minerva*, if I have done you any offence, I hope you now are satisfied? And Madam from what satisfied? from seeing you so beautifull within your bed, answered *Adraste*, that indeed were well, if so we could be satisfied by sight. Is there a greater satisfaction to see the

party that you love, replied *Minerva*. Not any said *Adrasfe*, so as we likewise may possesse it too. But otherwise the sight of what wee have not power to enjoy, doth serve but to torment us more. And by so much as it is deare to us, even by so much it breedeth our vexation more, and chiefly when it rests in the possession of an other too, and one that altogether is unworthy of it. They did proceed so farre in this discourse, as the whole house at last were fallen a sleepe, some here, some there. *Adrasfes* boy that had attended below in the Court, seeing that it was already so late, that they were all fallen a sleepe in the house, retired to his Masters lodging, and left him there; beleeving he would passe the night as he did. But *Adrasfe*, and *Minerva*, slept not, it being scarce long enough to finish one part of what they had to say. And at last, there was not any thing that parted them but day. *Minerva*, being affraid that *Adrasfe* might be seene to goe out of her house, intreated him to go his way, and that hee would see her againe before his departure. Sweet light, doth rejoyce the heart of all mankind, and which of all things in the world, art most delightfull, and most beautilfull, how importune, as then wert thou? and much displeasing to these happy Lovers heere. And oh sweet night, offensive onely, that thou wert too short, permit that I expresse the rest of their kinde language, each to the other then, by thy own silence. And that I never violate the sacred mysteries, of thy lov'd shades. *Adrasfe* seeing that he needes must

must part, and judging of the paine, and sufferance, he was to undergo in parting from *Minerva*, when as he must away unto the Campe, by that he now did feelee, in but retiring to his bed. Oh me my greatest blisse, sayd hee, why should we ever part? what ominous starre, what Spirit of portent, or what cursed state is it, hath power to force me to it? Alas, I doe but hunt, and run in quest of that false honour that deceiveth me, to leave that true and reall glory, that does render me content. Nay Sir, go on, sayd she, you cannot part from me, for I shall ever follow you, at least in my imaginations, since that it is not lesse within my choice, to live within your sight. Oh mee my better Genious! sayd *Adrasfe*, then here consigne you ore my life, and doe conjure you there withall, that you doe still remember you of this your promise made. Assure you sayd *Minerva*, I shall sooner lose the memory of my name, then ever of this promise made to thee. And that I sooner will bee drawne to leave my life; then this possession thou hast put me in. I sweare this by thy selfe, that art the onely thing I wish to sweare by under heaven. And adue my deare *Adrasfe*, content thee yet with this my full assurance given. My goddesse, then farwell. *Adrasfe* sayd, in going backe, Once as yer, farwell, And againe once more, farwell. *Adrasfe* being parted from *Minerva*, as from his owne Soule, how ever no lesse contented in her favours, then an other *Iasan* in his conquest, retired to his lodging by the light of the morning, which he could  
more



more willingly have cursed, then saluted, for having so soone brought backe the day : And going to rest at such an houre, as others rise, and as he had beleev'd he should have rose himselfe, instead of being on horsebacke at eight a Clocke, according to his forecast, hee found it was almost eleven, when he was yet in bed. But he had promised *Minerva* to see her at ten, who perceiving the houre passed, went to Masse, and to meet him, she made choice of the next Church to his lodging. But *Adraste* being up, layd prayers, and broke his fast almost together, and both in haste, with a gentleman that had stayed for him, even since the morne, to go along with him. So soone as he had dispatched such incumbrances, as ordinarily doe hinder men upon their leaving such a City. At last hee got on horsebacke, after one thousand adues of his friends, and went on passing by the Lodging of *Minerva*; there yet, to enjoy one moment of the pleasure, of which hee now went to deprive him utterly. *Minerva* having commanded at her going out, that they should tell him at what Church shee would be, He prayed the company ride on, whilst he went backe thither, though it were a good way off. But he would have gone much further: *Minerva* being gon on foot for love of him; well might he go on horsebacke for the love of her so farre. He found her at the church, just as the masse was done, when her devotions being finished, shee rested wholly in expectance of him. After having pratted some while at the Church, hee led her

her backe to her house, there to chat at more liberty, and having withdrawne her againe unto her bedside, where he so happily had passed the former night. Good gods, what sayd they not? Oh Love! how much renowned mightst thou render mee herein. And I againe might render thee most famous to the world, if so thou wouldst inspire mee now, but with a part of those adues they tooke. *Minerva* heretofore more cruell then a *Lyonesse*, was then become more gentle then a Dove. *Adrasfe* holding her between his armes, transported with this object of his high felicity, and present happines, remembered now no more the great misfortunes he had passed. Oh happy condition of a blest and perfect Lover, had it not beene disturbed by the apprehension that he had of loosing it. It was past two a Clocke, before *Adrasfe* could remember him to take his leave, or that *Minerva* thought it time to dine. But *Adrasfe* fearing to spoile *Minervas* dinner, & *Minerva* being afraid to hinder *Adraffes* journey, both of them gave way to the necessity of a separation, and in the end resolved them of their last farwell. But God knows with what violence their soules met in the kisses of their lips; and then their hearts feeling the one to approach the other, leaped with such force, as it did seeme they would have changed place. *Adrasfe* never ceasing to conjure her love him still, and to write to him oft. Intreated her now to bestow a favor of him, that hee might beare in this warre, and with the title of her Cavalier, or *Palladin*. The fa-

your was promis'd, but not given, because *Minerva* did desire to have it a scarfe of such a fashion, as would take more time, then she as then had to make it up. The quality of *Paladine* was yet conferred on him, as we shall tearme him in the second part of this history; which we hope ere long to render you more pleasant, and Heroicke then this First.

### *The end of the First part.*

*Divers*





# DIVERS AMOROVVS

Epistles wrote by the Author to the  
same Lady, during the time mentioned  
in the precedent story, and not therein  
spoke of.

## The Argument.

*That neither his love, nor the perfections of his  
Mistresse could be possibly spoken of, but imperfectly.*

## Epistle 1.

*Madame,*

**I** Was extreemely rash to dare once  
to entertain the first conceptions  
of my love: nor am I lesse unhap-  
py in my desires to manifest their  
resentment. An extraordinary pas-  
sion like mine, should not have been expressed by  
an ordinary meanes, like those of the common  
sort. I should have dyed without speaking, hiding  
the

the depth of my disease in as profound a silence, that the novelty of a respect so great, might have invited yet some pitty. It may be she whom the most to be lamented sorrowes of life, hath not had power to touch, might yet have been made sensible by a too late compassion of my death. And Madame, think you as you please, 'tis not so sure, that now I talke, as 'tis most certain that I dye, and that these here be grones I utter, & not words, for that a passion so extreame learns rather how to sigh, then speake, nor think that mine are lesse for being ill expressed, for that doth best explaine how great they are. I never speake of them but to their prejudice, and still confound me in willing to expresse them. For would I shew the ills you cause me undergoe, the words *torture* and *martyrdome*, are too too gentle to expresse what I from time to time do suffer; and would I entertaine you with the good which you forbid me ere to hope, the words *delight* and *glory*, seem to me but low. Would I manifest my obedience and my service to you, the qualities of *slave* and *vassaile*, to me, seeme not sufficiently humble; and should I go about to speake your power; and your demerits, why the titles of Empresse and Goddesse are not sublime enough. So as Madam, be it that my wit confounded in the excellence of yours, be unable to endure the brightnesse of it, be it that yours incomparably elivate above mine, be not lesse inaccessible, then you your selfe are altogether inexorable; be it that the chaos of despaire whereto your cruelties have reduced me,

me, do take from me my speech, together with my life, or be it that as there is no thoughts can equall the greatnesse of your merits, so is there no words can reach the greatnesse of my thoughts; be it what it will be, Madame, this is sure, I cannot speake, or of my love, or your perfections, but imperfectly; and that a stile most new, and words unknown, behoved to expresse as yet so rare and most unheard of things.

The Argument.

*Vpon his Mistresse forbidding him to love.*

Epistle 2.

**Y**OU yesterday gave me in command, not to love, which I confesse I have ill obeyed, for be it, for the afflictions I feele in that cruelty, be it, that things forbidden are ever most desired, I have not had the power to think another thought since you forbade it me. Madame; there is no kinde of duty that I owe you not; command me that I shed your enemies bloud, or that I spill my own, I shall not leave one drop within my veyns; I shall oppose the violence of times, and of the elements, nor is there cruelty of chance or fate, to which I shall not willingly expose my selfe to obey you. But either cease you to forbid me love, or otherwise forbid your image to pursue me, since that doth watch me every where, and leaves



me not or liberty or thought, but what it doth inspire, or else you may as well forbid the Sunne to enlighten the whole earth, the earth not to produce her fruits: you may as well forbid the waters to descend, and fire to mount on high, since all these functions are not halfe so proper unto them, nor yet so naturall as 'tis most naturall and proper unto me, to think on and to live in you. But Madame, I beseech you say, what Empire else but yours hath ever reached so farre as to the thoughts of men? what tyrant but your selfe, forbids to think of things desired? Is it not sufficient that I obey you in things most difficult, but you will yet command me those impossible? shall then so much respect and passion, with so much violence and lasting too, availle me nought, nor ever bend the cruelty of your so pitiless spirit? how many yeers is it I have fought for you? is it not time at last to yeeld, is not my constancy as yet sufficiently proved? shall you not reape more glory and contentment to preserve me, then to betray your selfe in my ascertained losse. Madame, I have told you heretofore, that no desire so violent bides in the heart of man, or mad indeed, as that I have to possesse you. But I shall rather chuse eternally to undergoe such rage and violence, then seek my remedy in any thing displeasing to you. Oh what mistrust, or what so feeble strength as now hath power to make you doubt a faith so known? If quite disfavoured as I am, I cannot chuse but love you yet, and worship now in you even this ingratitude and cruelty,

cruelty, that makes me dye, what should I then do, would you but render me possessor of that grace, the only hope whereof doth cause me live? Madame, conceive the rest by thought, and think your selfe of what you do forbid me think.

### The Argument.

*He saith that he loveth as well by election, as destinate thereto, and intreats his Mistresse to examine the cause for which she dooves his death.*

### Epistle 3.

*Madame,*

**I**Told you yesterday that I did love you, as of meer election and free will, but likewise by an absolute necessity, with an ardent, excessive, and a most furious passion, of which I could not possibly be healed, without it were by a possession, or by death: and that herein was neither end or meane; you Madame as if to slay the creature that adores you, were to doe better, then to give him life, did absolutely then forbid me ere to hope the first meanes of recovery, upon necessity reducing me unto the second then, that is to say, you did condemne me unto death: unto what Iudge Madame please you shall I appeale? In what religion, in what schoole have you learned so bloudy a divinity? Who hath given you such assurance as to perswade me after this, that yet you wish  
me

me well, and to command me live, when you have doomed me unto death? Who hath been able to perswade you to impose such rigorous lawes, as doe oblige me beg your pardon, even for the ills you doe me, and for the love it selfe which I beare you? Madame, yet this once, and as the last, I do most humbly intreat you, but to examine the cause wherefore, and why, you kill me? It is for a most perfect love, which hath extended so it selfe as unto those, that naturally indeed I ought to hate. Was ere man found but me, that for the love of his Mistresse, lov'd his rivall too? But wherefore busie I my selfe to represent my affections here to you, that have confessed that you beleeve them much more then I know how to expresse. Doe you represent them Madame in the true perfection I have conceived them, and see if for being too faithfull, and for having in your love exceeded the most violent passions of man, it be reasonable that you cause me undergoe the heaviest torments of mankind. Think that my fate, or good, or ill, depends now on your answer, and that I beg not here my life, but for to make immortall yours, and seen in the extended vastnesse of my sufferings, how boundlesse the perfections are, that render yet your cruelty so lovely.



## The Argument.

*He complains of the indifference of his Mistresse.*

## Epistle 4.

*Madame,*

I Should live ill satisfied as well from you, as from my selfe, might I not complain me of the ill you doe me, of which the little care you take, is yet more cruell then the ill it selfe. That feeble sparke of reason rests to me amid the blindnesse of so much amazement, lets me yet see in you, so much indifference, as not to see it I should take it for a blessing to have lost my sight. I know well you will accuse me of a raving, but to complain with reason of an ill suffered without cause, is, by no meanes, to rave. The long continuance of my servage Madame, and the advantages my affection gives me afore all such as honour you, makes me presume, I hold in your affection yet some place above the common sort. And you have told me so: but suiting ill your deeds unto your words, there is no company so ill, the entertainment, and converse whereof you have not still preferd to mine. Madame, I will not comment on your actions, your deportments being so just on my behalte, that even the ills you do me, do yet seem good to me. But I complain of heaven, that hath bestowed on me so little merit, and so boundlesse love, according unto which proportions,

tions, the one beares me to adore and honour you, the other doth invite you to disdain and scorn me. Nor can I deny also, but that it seems extremely cruell unto me to see you harke to any other speech then that of my complaint. Nor that I conceive not an ill opinion of my selfe, by the slight esteem that you have of my sufferance. Yet Madame since that you are so pleased, I shall conform me to your humours, and make you see, that I have no content at all, but in what pleaseth you. But if my frequent visits réder you, my passions importune, I shall most humbly beg you will accuse your own perfections of the fault; that in the image of such beauties have caused me to adore even cruelty it selfe, and seeke the vaine shadow of contentment in a most sure and reall martyrdom.

*The Answer.*

*Epistle 5.*

*Sir,*

**I**Expected the least of any thing such a Letter from you, whom I beleaved better then ever satisfied in my deportments and intentions. You judge both of the one and other rather by opinion then by reason, and falsely accuse me to have done you ill, since I have neither had the power or will, and that you never can reape the good I  
with

wish you. You have cause to say that I will accuse you of raving, and to call to minde that I have promised to love you more then others. This truth me thinks, should hold sufficient place in your believe, to hinder that any other contrary impression should ever usurpe the roome. But if you take the painsto remember you of what you do complaine, and chiefly of the compliyanse, wherewith you say I gratifie all the world, without remembring you; You will finde they are but complements, to which civility inviteth and obligeth me, and that they have been more liberally imparted to your selfe then any man. I am never importuned by your visits, but on the contrary they have been so valued by me, that I desire the continuance, on condition that you give no more faith to any thing averse to the esteem I have of your demerits.

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*The Reply.**Epistle 6.**Madame,*

I Iudg'd what you would answer me before I wrote unto you, and well I knew, that you would not want words, whatsoever reason you might see deficient in. But I know not, nor can I, as yet, learne, on what deportment of yours I ought take up my satisfaction, for either I am ve-



ry blinde, or else I have not seen any so favourable, as might render me more satisfied then I have been. Notwithstanding you have cause to say, that I rather judge thereof by opinion, then by reason, for that I have pronounced them just against my selfe, which reasonably I never could. To say I accuse you wrongfully of the ill you do me, and that you have nor power nor will thereto, were not onely against my knowledge, but also against yours, and cannot be said without gaine-saying the most certaine experience that I have proved therein: against which it is impossible to belceve that you have ever wished mee well. As to my raving I my selfe give sentence against my selfe, upon condition you confesse that it proceeds not, but of too much love. And for the verity of your promise, I know not what place it may hold in my beliefe, to hinder a contrary impression, not having ever seen the prooffe that was not to the contrary. To remember me of things whereof I doe complaine, were but to afflict me more. It were better seek some meanes to forget them, as her, hath been their causer since that I neither can or ought hope other thing.

The

## The Argument.

*He amorously seemes angry with his Mistris.*

## Epistle 7.

*Madam,*

I Should indeed never write more, no nor speak, calling to minde how much both the one, and the other, have beene bootlesse to me, and how much that faithfull, stedfast, and most perfect affection which I beare you, continued of so long time, and with so wonderfull a perseverance, might speak for me, were not you on my behalfe, the most imperwasible woman under heaven; But the violence of my torments, and that rigorous usage wherewithall you entertaine me, when I ought be rather cloyed, then starved with your favours, constrain me to lament my selfe, and to accuse you both of ingratitude, and cruelty. What is the matter Madam? have you lost the name and memory of him that hat not any, but to love you, & to serve you; And is it not enough that you are lovelesse, but you will be too without memory, without knowledge? How long have I sighed for you? and you withstood, not onely my felicity, but more your owne. Remember you, that he that begs love on you now, is he, that of so long, hath beene your suppliant, and that it is not a vaine humor that invites him to it, but the truest passion love did ever yet in-

S 3                      force.

force. Content your selfe in that so violent resistance you have made till now, against your own good happe, and suffer you your selfe to be overcome at last, by an invincible spirit. All things invite you to it, and nothing lets you; your honour is protected in my warinesse, and my discretion, and this same innocent feare you have to doe amisse, in my favour, is altogether causlesse. God is no enemy of Natures, but its Author, and the offence committed without scandalls is no offence; for this'tis said that they are blessed whose sinnes are covered. But Madam, the men of the first times, having composed their civill Lawes, did after give them out unto the people, as divine, to the intent to render them the more venerable, and themselves the better obeyed in their Authority. So *Numa*, made the *Romans* beleeve hee had the Lawes hee gave them from the Goddesse *Egeria*. And *Lycurgus* perswaded the *Greekes* that *Apollo* had given him his. Stand you not then on so vaine a scruple, which indeed is no other then a bare pretence, to hide your cruelty. And if you still doubt of that so faithfull constancie, of which you have had so long experience; Alas! with what manner of prooffe have I not testified the same? which notwithstanding, if so bee there yet remaines one I have not rendered; may it include my life, and all that ever I have, command me heere that I present you with it; that so living and dying in obedience, as in affection, I may cause you find me more worthy of the good you refuse me, then of the ill you do me.

The



## The Argument.

*He comforteth his Mistris, on the death of his Rival, and manifesteth the excellence of his Love, above all other affections.*

## Epistle 8.

*Madam,*

**Y**OU commanded mee to ease you of a passion, gave you offence, and at the same time promised to cure mee of another, gave me death; And howsoever I hope nothing lesse then the effects of such a promise, your repose is so deare to me, and your Empire so pleasing, as I have imposed silence on my owne passions, to give care to yours, and forgotten all the ills you doe me, to haste to your helpe, even in those which you your selfe procure you. I cannot deny Madam, but your sorrowes are naturall, since they proceed from love, and from the death of a man you lov'd; you have not loved him *sans* merit, and you have lost him without possessing him, so as you lament him justly. This is a truth, and cannot be denied without offending the resentment you have for him; But Madam, against whom complaine you of his death? Is it against God, who did permit him live, or against your selfe most innocent of his death? If it be against you, are you not still the more afflicted, and the more sorrowfull? And if it bee against God, knowes

knowes hee not better what is fit for us, then we our selves? Could not hee have suffer'd him whom you love dead, to have beene living, yet possessed by another Mistris, within whose arms you had lesse loved him, then in his grave? Could not hee as well have taken you againe, as him, thereby reducing you to that first nothing, which he made you of? Consider what you complaine of Madam, and you will finde, that it is nought, and that to be moane your selfe, and vex your soule for nothing, is an inexcusable weaknesse; We well may pardon the first complaints that grieve inforceth us to utter, for that there is no courage so assured, whom the violence of these first motions does not overturn; But this storme ceased, there is no more excuse, if Reason reassumes not place, & at her turn does not obtrude those passions, that had turn'd her out. It is for this. Men say that the superior part of the Soule, should be like the supream Region of the Aire, that never is agitated with, or storm, or tempest. See here Madam, the difference twixt what you doe, and what you ought to do, for doubtlesse, discourse, time, the necessity of death, and a thousand other considerations I omit, should before now have settled your resolution, to have borne a remedlesse mishap. Where see the quite contrary, instead of making your constancy appeare, and shine in such an accident, shewing by how many waies you exceed, in the beauties and perfections of your Sex; you give your selfe over a prey to grieve, like to some simple

ple and ignorant woman; you shut your spirits up (which God ordained for heaven) within a grave, together with a dead Carcasse, which he it may be hath deprived of life, even for the immesurable love you bore him, you sacrifice your Soule to a most singular griefe, and vainly runne after a shadow, you are sure you never can oretake. Your Soule is the Temple of God, and you adore there, the image of a dead man, whom hee permitted not that you should love, not whilest he liv'd. You make scruple of small thinges, and make no conscience of Idolatry, which you your self do know to be the grievous-est sinne that can be perpetrate. The Lawes allow a widdow but one yeare, to testifie her lawfull sorrowes, which for the most part be but in apparance neither, and you resolve to carry yours eternally within your soule. You will nourish a Woolfe that devoures you, embrace what betraies you, ruine your repose, outrage your beautie and your health, and cause your selfe to die alive. To conclude Madam, you will openly resist the will of God, according to which you make profession of ordering yours. Who being our Father, loves us his children, & better knowing what we want, then we our selves, rules all things by his Providence, and not according to our fancies. For if the world were governed by the various humors, and divers passions of men. Alas! Madam, to what new Chaos were wee then brought backe? And if that sometimes hee afflict us here, tis alwaies yet to profit us, & never to our hurt, and even that ill hee does us, is either



still to make us merit some greater good, or else to cause us shun some greater ill. Complaine not you unjustly then of what he justly doth. Think not that he hath suffered now this losse, for other cause then to acquit you of a greater griefe, which howsoever you are unable to perceive, yet see you that his power is infinite, and that his judgements are unknown, and which 'tis better farre to apprehend, then prove. But you will tell me the same you told me yesterday, that your passions are not so easily shifted as your petticoates. It is true Madame, and I finde it but too certaine in what I undergoe for you. But where are now those so sufficient reasons, by which you have erewhiles endeavoured to perswade me, that I might easily put off mine? Why serve you not your selfe against your selfe, with those weapons you so well handle against others? Why doe you thinke it impossible to free you of the passions you have for a shadow, having before beleev'd that it was nothing for me to divest me of these I have for you? Is it that you are more capable of love then I am, or that the subject of your love is more excellent then mine? Madame, I will not lessen the merit of your affections, which you had never conceived, had they not been most perfect, of which it is no little prooffe to see them live yet, in you, after the death of him that caused them. Yet are they naturall, and nothing is more common then to mourne for a lost friend. But that I had power to humble me so, to the pleasure of a woman, as for her love, I have lov'd

lov'd even the rivall that hindred me to be beloved, is a prooffe of an affection Madame, that in some sort exceeds the rule of nature. And in the which you cannot deny, but I surpasse you, as much as you in all other things exceed me. As to the subject of your love, Madame, he was most certainly lovely, otherwise you had not made choice of him. But without wronging your election, or his merits, I dare say, that there was more correspondence in your humours, then in your qualities; and that more then the compli-  
ance and discretion wherewith he entertained you, and whereby chiefly he was praise-worthy, he was not possessed of so great perfections, as could make him merit yours. By which you may see, that the subject of my love being more excellent then yours, it followes that your passions must be lesse then mine, and that you may easlier divest you of them, then I of mine; yea, if so the cause remained; which being now no more, it is a marvell that the effect should yet continue. But Madame, I have given sufficient audience to your complaints, it is now high time that you hearken unto mine, if not for my ease, yet for your own at least, since the most miserable may finde in them some cause of comfort. You bemoane the dead Madame, and think not of those that die by your meanes. I doe daily perish, and am even at the last gaspe, and that for your love: and yet have you the heart to sigh for another before my face, and the power to interdict my passions, to make me wed yours. I see a dead body preferr'd to me,

which living I in affection yet preceded, and find you as insensible and whollie inanimate on my behalfe as he is on yours. My whole labours, all my affections and best qualities, are altogether bootlesse; you know, without acknowledging my faith, you looke upon my afflictions, without once being moved: and whatsoever might commend a perfect affection, you behold in me, not daigning ought to regard it. Thou too too much beloved dead man, whose condition is most happy, in comparison of mine! thou wert living beloved of the most lovely beauty under heaven, and thou art onely he that art beloved of her as yet even after death. Thou wert not onely beloved of thy Mistresse, but thou wert likewise of thine enimie. In stead of persecuting thee even to thy grave, as thiefe and robber of my good, which thy remembrance hinders me as yet to have; I have honoured thy memory with my writings, which have so imprinted it in the heart of thy Mistresse, as now there is no other impression can take place for that. Is there any compli-  
ance? Is there any passion or perfection indeed in love, that can come neere to this? Madame I implore here the beauty of your wit, and the integrity of your owne soule, in default of mine, that with this thought passeth away in transe, and leaves me not with other hope or desire, then here to see my life faile me with my speech.



## The Argument.

*He complains of his Mistresse that she had failed him in a meeting appointed by her to walke.*

## Epistle 9.

**Y**OU sent yesterday to let me know that you could not come, and that I should not attend you any longer. I was told that you supped very late, and you chased me away, upon pretence that you would sup in good time. A man should be extreamely purblind not to see that there was something more in this, then matter of Master-ship, and that you having threatned to deprive me of a particular entertainment, would let me see, that you were a woman of your word. Hug your selfe for it Madame, you shall never more be troubled, though I continue ever in torment. I shall not onely leave you your liberty, but mine own, which I pretend not to withdraw from so worthy a servitude, where I chuse rather to suffer extreame tyranny, then elsewhere to live beneath the perfects Empire. No Madame, what I pretend to, is to make you see in an unparallel'd respect, an affection incomparable, and in a blind obedience mute and inconsiderate, how much inferiour to me, I leave such as aspire to the glory of your love: and how much I hope to exceed them by those actions, which my courage and the violent ambition I have to merit you, do promise me to atchieve in this war.

*The Answer.*

**Y**OU conceive things otherwise then they be, and according to your fancies, whereupon you write to me as you please. I shall better answer you by word of mouth, then by Letter, and making you finde your errour, it will belong to you to make me satisfaction.

*The Argument.*

*He justifieth his fancies.*

*Epistle 10.*

**T**He party you left with me yesterday can tell you, how I knew not what to doe with my selfe; after I had then lost you. When howsoever it were neer night, it seemd to me a tedious day. There is a faire Lady neere you, who lately told me, she would gladly see me. I light on him had procured me this honour, who endeavoured what he could to get me thither, but prevailed nothing, howsoever I knew not how to busie me, but in thinking of you turning and returning in my memory, such things as you have said to me, and those humours and conjectures whereof you accuse me, after having your selfe caused them. I humbly intreat you Madame, take notice there may be fancies and humour without love, but

but not love without humour and fancy, and if you upbraid me with them as an error, it is yet a generall one, and common to all lovers, above whom I have this advantage yet, that I order them so as they never trouble her I love. Most beauteous *Minerva*! glory of my thoughts, the soveraigne good of my life, and extreame felicity of my soule, who can render a more faithfull testimony of this truth than your selfe? that can so easily moderate the furies of my violence. How many times have you staied the most impetuous motions of my passions, with one word, yea with a looke. No more then blame my humours that doe rather merit commendations, since they make mee honour the cause that brought them forth, and are not onely proofes of my love, but also of my obedience.

### The Argument.

*Why his Mistresse should not be moved at his Martyrdome, upon his departure.*

### Epistle 11.

**T**Here is nothing so strange, nor any thing so wonderfull, the accustomed vse whereof, weares not out the astonishment. Observe, that death is most horrible, notwithstanding which, the habit theeves have in murther, causeth that they kill men, not onely without horror, but with  
some



some kinde of pleasure and voluptuousnesse. The comparison is bad, but it is proper. I would say that albeit my martyrdom be without example, and that the novelty thereof, amazeth me, and renders me, my selfe, thereat affrighted, you are so accustomed to plaints, and to the teares of such whom you make sigh, as that you suffer not your selfe to be the least touched at mine. No Madame, I beleeve your intellect extreamely generous, and consequently pittifull, but it is beaten so with such discourse, as it but laughs thereat, and looks on me dying, not only with dry eyes, but with some sort of pleasure too. Oh Madame, were I capable of comforting the afflicted, I should, and not without good cause, begin with my selfe, rather then with those, whose jealousies are more worthy of derision, then of pitty. You Madame, with whom I am to part this day, in no lesse sorrow then if I were to be separated from my proper life; expect not words at my depart, my sorrowes will not suffer them: it will be much if I be able but to bid adue, since that is the last word a man should use in leaving life.

There is nothing so strange, nor so true, as  
 I would have you know, the passion of love  
 The  
 death is most horrible, not that it is  
 the habit of love have in mind, consider that  
 they kill men, not only without honor, but with

## The Argument.

*He intreats his Mistress to torment him, to the end such pleasure as she takes therein, be increased proportionably to the increase of his torments.*

## Epistle 12.

*Madam,*

**I** give you good night, letting you know besides for newes, that my dolours are become more pleasing then they were, since I tooke notice of the contentment they bring you. Wherefore I intreat you not to lessen them, but to provide me new vexations, to the end your delights bee increased proportionable, to the abundance of my punishments. For I am not content to undergoe onely the ills you do me, but I would yet too suffer these are done to you, and become the most miserable soule that ever lived, to render you the most happie. No Madam, I love not for my pleasure, I love for yours, and love not to torment you, but to vex my selfe for the love of you, by whom I desire still to be tormented. I say not this or to flatter you, or to decline your anger, I know that the one is bootlesse, and the other impossible. I speake it as a truth, by which I am thereto inforced, and to make it appeare to you, how much my affections are elevate above all others, the vassailes, and the subjects of your boundlesse Empire.

## The Argument.

*He excuseth himselfe for putting his Mistress in col-  
ler, by preferring a just complaint unto her, and pro-  
testeth that hee will never more complaine, since hee  
seeth he cannot complaine, without giving her offence.*

## Epistle 13.

*Madam,*

**I** Were not a man, if I had not passions, nor a  
Gascoine, were I not violent, nor could I be a-  
mourous, were I not furious. But that these con-  
ditions are so eminent in me, that they have ever  
appeared to the prejudice of that respect, that  
subjection, or that obedience which I owe you;  
I most humbly intreat you Madam, be you your  
selfe the judge, and do not as yesternight ye did,  
when desiring with all the humility, and submis-  
sion a slave owes to his Lord, but to lament a  
just resentment; you caused me feeble the effect  
of such wrath as I nere merited, after the depri-  
ving me of an entertainment promised. For you  
alone both pleaded, and adjudged the cause, with  
such precipitacion, not at all hearkning to me,  
that I had more haste to obey you, without re-  
ply, then by reasons to defend my selfe, though  
it were most evident on my side, and that your  
award was not onely unjust, but likewise injuri-  
ous. But Madam, I begge yet of you, though it  
were yesterday forbidden mee to speake, it may  
be



be permitted this day to write, and that you will receive this complaint, as the last I hope ever to prefferre. For since I cannot complaine without offending you, I shall rather chuse to undergoe all the rigours in the world, then once to complaine of any one. You are Madam so just, as you never give cause of complaint to man, and if any one do of himselfe offer it, you returne him such satisfaction, as a man much injured, could not but be well contented. There is none but mee onely destinate to suffer, not alone hopelesse of satisfaction, but more, most ascertained to bee checked and curbed for all sorts of occasions, and for all sorts of people, which I should embrace yet as a fauour, if no other but your selfe might take advantages thereby. But you haue entitiled mee unto the place that does give way to all the world, and forceth me give you away to others, for whom I should most gladly give my life. If instead of those whole daies you say you will afford mee, you would vouchsafe mee onely but one houre, to accept the adue you have commanded me to come and render you, it would be easie for me to justifie this truth. If not, then must I beare it away within my breast, together with an eternal sorrow to have most innocently offended you.

*The Answer.**Sir,*

**H**Ad I words so sufficient, as I had yesterday cause to be in collar, I should inforce you to confesse that you are in an error, to take it ill at my hands. And if you please to be at the pain to come hither, I shall not forbear to tell you, what I thinke therein, and assure you that I am your Servant.

*The Argument.*

*Hee endeavours to maintaine a wager hee had propounded to have lay'd, that he would write no more to her, and begs pardon, that hee doth not aske her pardon for it.*

*Epistle 14.**Madam,*

**Y**esterday upon the assault of my first motions, I offer'd to have laid a wager with you, of which having better considered, I find that I had reason to have done it, and that you were in an error to take offence at it, for what can I more in writing present you with, which I have not already sent, and said unto you? And if all that I have said, and all that ever I can say, will not yet  
encline

encline you at all to pitty, to what purpose should I trouble my selfe in a labour, that is not onely bootlesse unto me, but likewise hurtfull? For is it not true, that they are so many firebrands, to incense those flames, wherewith I am alreadie most miserably burned? And if I must not hope for any ease therein; why would you that I should againe enkindle them? If the most perfect love of the world, the most extreame fidelity, the discreetest modesty, and most stedfast constancie that ever was; if all these together so often tried, and so many times approved by your selfe, have not power to leave the least impression in your breast, but that on the contrary, my complaints have served meerely for your sport, and pastime; why should I obstinately continue to lament me of an ill, which you have told me, and my perseverance lets me see, is altogether helplesse. In a word Madam, why are you pleased that I should ever aske you that, which you will never grant me? Would you not thinke a man extreamely cruell, that should put his enemy to death, that had beg'd life at his hands? Yet am not I your enemy, and yet you use me in this manner, I and worse, for you do take offence both when I aske, and when I do not aske; But Madam, I have so perfectly conceived the greatnesse of your demerits, and finde my words so meane, in comparison of this conceit, as the despaire to attaine it onely, is a sufficient cause to make me hold my peace, and religiously adore in silence; what I cannot in my discourses, honour but imperfectly

V. 3



fectly. Here is the great offence I did you yesterday; Madam, I most humbly intreate you pardon me that I aske you not your pardon for it.

### The Argument.

*After his Mistris departure, he comforteth her in her afflictions, by the example of his own adversities.*

### Epistle 15.

*Madam,*

**A**FTER having bid adue, and followed you with both my eyes, so farre as the way you held would give me leave, I returned to go visit those pledges you left here behind you in the Citty, where the sorrow not to see you with them, renew'd those griefes I had for your departure; And sending my man thither to day, Mistris N. let mee know, that shee would write unto you, which hath invited mee to doe the like. I can assure you Madam, if it be a consolation to the afflicted, to have companions in misery, you have great cause to comfort you in your sorrowes, by the example of mine; which really are the most sensible I ever yet have felt. You have not wept alone, you have taught me the mysterie, and a mysterie that hath been altogether unknowne to me ere since I knew my selfe. I most humbly intreat you that my sorrowes may mitigate yours; that now at need you make use of your constancie, and fit your heart to beare all accidents that can

can arrive, and if so be the pittie of your selfe cannot yet apt you to it, let it for your Children order you therein. They fare here much better then you, and weepe much lesse then him that now blotteth his paper with his teares. Adue my faire and deare *Minerva*, I am afraid to be surprized in this exercise; And finde no words that can expresse how much I am yours.

### The Argument.

*An Epistle of a Lady, to a faithlesse Lover.*

### Epistle 16.

**S**INCE that I must write to one that answers not my Letters, take it not in favour of you, it is not to you, but to this paper I will tell my thoughts, and herton so disburthen me of them, as I will never more have them in minde, but to detest their Causer. You have not deceive mee, for I long since foresawe my goodnesse unable to render you better then nature made you. Yet I accuse you not; for being so light and wavering as you are, what could you likelier follow then the motions of your owne lightnesse. No I complaine of my selfe. that have shut my eyes upon your actions, the better to give care unto your words, and beleevd rather in your fained perswasions, then in the true knowledge I had of your humor. If yet you did but tell me the cause of this your infidelitie, and not being able to find

a just occasion, you tooke the paine but to search a pretence that were coloured with some false apparance, I would herein excuse you, against my selfe and seeking some reason for your fault, should my selfe put up the wrong thereof, to absolve you. But to talke to mee of a servant that never sees mee, is an excuse worse then the offence, of which though you may well avoid the displeasure, you can never be able to wipe away the sorrow. This then is my comfort, that you have no other reason for your change, then your own inconstancie. And if so that I have not tyes enough to stay you, yet have I resolution enough to let you go; and have as much patience in your losse, as I had contentment in your possession. Go on then, adde to the honour your couragious heart propounds to you to seeke from farre, the triumph to have unthankfully acknowledged my affections. But send mee my Letters, for that I will not that you carry any thing of mine along with you, but the remembrance to have lost my good will, and the despaire of being ever able to recover it. Adue.

The



## The Argument.

*He justifieth his silence.*

## Epistle 17.

*Madam,*

**Y**OU have staied a long while to reproach me of my silence. You have not showne so much patience to heare me speake, as you have manifested to see me forbear. Yet must I take this for a testimony of the esteeme you have of me, for which I stand so much obliged, as I never shall be able to acquit me. See here how admirable you are in your perswasions. Had I wrote to all such friends, as I may have in *Picardy*, and yet had forborne to write to you onely, you then had had some cause for your reproaches, and consequently I had erred in my silence; But I have not wrote to any one, where you have writen to all such as you know hereabouts, not forgetting any one, but me onely; You are too blame then, for not having writ to me, as well as others, and afterwards upbraiding me for not having wrote to you. But I cannot write to you without complaining, and I chuse rather to be silent, then to importune you with a bootlesse complaint, whence I should have hoped as little satisfaction, as I have had by these alreadie made. Here is the true cause of my forbearance, and not that I have better exercises then those that busie me in the enter-

tainment of so deare thoughts as I have of you. What I have done since I had the honour to see you, hath been to so little purpose, as it is impossible here to set it downe, had I not once beene resolved for *Comprigne* to have seen you, but that I doubted of finding you there, for that I was told you were gone to *Paris*, whither I am now returned to remaine ever yours.

### The Argument.

*He dares not see his Mistress.*

### Epistle 18.

I Sent you that you desired, and I crave your pardon that I brought it not my selfe, for feare of that amorous contagion, wherewith you strike all such as approach you. Knew you with what griefe of heart I endeavour to keepe away, you would have pittie of my life, which I had much rather loose for your love, then intreate you to preserve to the prejudice of that you have for another. Having oft heard say that it is one of the finest subtilties of the world, freely to doe that which a man should of force have been constrained unto. See here the cause why I endeavour to render me my selfe; to be able yet once againe to give me back to you. Howsoever I hope nothing lesse then ever to see you mine as I am yours.

The

## The Argument.

*He complains of his Mistrresse absence, and of those  
would hinder him from seeing her.*

## Epistle 19.

**T**Here is no longer meanes of living absent  
from my life, since you are not with me, I am  
no more my selfe. I may be forbidden the seeing  
you, but never the loving you, or if they will for-  
bid, yet can they never hinder me, such as owe  
me most good will, do testifie the least unto me,  
and that by reason of my affection. But I chuse  
rather to be little obedient to them, to be the  
more faithfull to you. Live you then in this assu-  
rance, if so you will not that I die, and become  
assured likewise that my life shall sooner be ex-  
tinguished, then that faire flame that daily does con-  
sume it.

## The Argument.

*He comforteth a Lady upon some displeasures shes  
had received.*

## Epistle 20.

*Madame,*

**I** Received the notice you gave me of your re-  
membrance, with as much contentment to find



me hold any place in your memory, as sorrow for not being able to merit the same in my services. It is your extreame curtesie Madame, makes you say that you are indebted to mine. For the good will I have to serve you, hath hitherto been to no purpose. And had the effect equalled my good will, I had been more then gratified for it by the remembrance you have of me; howsoever I can never render you so many services, but I must still owe you more. The end and middle of your Letter testifie some sence of trouble you have been put to, which I will intreat you loose, for as much as it serves not but to augment them. If so you have had irrepaireable losses, it is lost time to thinke of them; and if they be to be helped, it were fit to bethink you of meanes to redresse them, and to that end to endeavour whatsoever may be done; and if nothing can, to comfort your selfe that it hath not been your fault, that you have therein done what could be possible, that you are not obliged to doe more, nor justly to grieve your selfe for accidents you cannot avoid. Here be the remedies that I often practise on my selfe continually, since I first knew me, wrastring beneath so injurious a fortune, as the most miserable may finde wherewith to comfort themselves, in the contemplating me. But I am estrayed Madame, and forget that I increase the number of your troubles by the length of this my Letter, which may witnesse for me if you please, that the desire I have to live, is not so deare to me, as that I have to preserve me yours.

The

## The Argument.

*He answereth to a Letter of Minerva's.*

## Epistle 21.

**Y**OUR note enforceth me to avow it, that you have a better memory on my behalfe, then heretofore you have had acknowledgement; and that you doe something acquit you of what you owe me, if so you can pay all my love with one bare remembrance; I finde also that you have cause to beare me in minde, for if so be I have not rendred you the service, the memory whereof may be deare unto you, at the least I have given you no offence, that ought to render you ill a paid. As for me I have a thousand reasons that oblige me to cherish yours, but one onely forbids me, which is that I cannot remember me of you, without passion, and to suffer a mans selfe to become passionate, for a thing cannot be had, is but a folly. I have late pretended to wisdom, and have believed my selfe but ill favouredly therein, as you may thinke, notwithstanding which, if so I cannot attain to it, I will at least seeme to have done it, and begin by the forgetting of my passions, and of her that was the cause of them; it is true that it is but an ill way this, to begin to forget my love by renewing the memory thereof, and indeed of what should I ever remember me after once having forgotten you?

## The Argument.

*A Ladies answer to her Lover.*

## Epistle 22.

**T**He care which you have to preserve my memory, and the passion you feel for my absence, to my thinking, are lesse then the meanes you have to expresse them, notwithstanding I value them so, as I am not much displeased to see the new assurances you give me of your affections, which are not over-pleasing unto me, though I were well satisfied with the former. The fairest proofes and most desired effects you can give me of your good will, consists in your return: I imagine not that you have cast the affection behinde you, that you had for me, but contrariwise I deeme that you ever laid it amongst the most eminent of your best thoughts, and that like enough you may draw your cares after you, but cannot breake them. As to the escape you have made without my leave, I attribute it to your affaires, never having any designe that tended to the diverting you from them; if I render you beautifull thoughts, it is not in such abundance, but I alwaies reserve some to my selfe, for the entertainment of my solitude in your absence, you say that you resolve to attend my answer at *Bruxelles*, and I am resolved to write to you thither by

an



an expresse messenger, if so your comming doe not prevent me. Adue, I am your servant.

### The Argument.

*Hee makes answer to a complaint she had made of him, for his silence, and not writing.*

### Epistle 23.

*Madame,*

**O**Ne chanced to deliver me a note, which by the hand and the stile I knew to be yours. I confesse to you Madame, that I scarce understood any thing in it, and that as I have no cause to beleeve, that my good wishes are any thing valued by you, so have you yet lesse, to say that you cannot consent to the losse of them. You thinke not that such as love not, but in presence, know well how to love. I know not wherefore you say that Madame, to one that both in your presence, and in your absence, hath testified so much love unto you, and one that therein hath been so ill requited, as you cannot renew the memory of his affection, without refreshing that of your owne ingratitude. You continue to write to me almost against your will. Indeed I cannot deny but in that you doe me a favour, which I hold extreamly deare, but with it you ought to avow, that my affections do merit a greater, and that for every word, that you have wrote to me, you have received

ceived many Letters from me, from any of which, I cannot think that you can draw argument to prove, that I desire not the continuation of yours. And to demand that I should cleer your scruples thereupon, is it not, to demand new proofes of a passion which you cannot be ignorant of, without belying your own experience? you say that should be much contrary to your desire; so sure should it be to mine that hath never tended but to honour you (though to no purpose) and that cannot yet repent the time therein lost. Thus would I entreat you to write to me, answering my Letters, as I reply to yours, and arguing with me reasonably, without framing to your selfe such chimera's, as have not for support, but your own phantasie. You will be thereby more satisfied, and I more contented, since my contentment depends on your satisfaction. I am not in the meane time your servant, but I shall alwaies be so, whilst it shall please God and you to let me live.

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The Argument.

*Vpon some discontent a little before his departure.*

Epistle 24.

*Madame,*

**I**F so be this paper be not as unwelcome to you, as my selfe, I intreate you here peruse a word  
or

or two which my extreame dolours hinder me to come and tell you. I nurse sufficient ills in my despaire, without the need to have had them more exasperated by the interdiction of your speech, and of your sight. Yet nerethelesse are any of them so cruell, but I would rather undergo them still without complaint, then be displeasing unto you. No Madame, I am sufficiently possessed of my affections, but not so much to the prejudice of my obedience, that they shall ever give you cause to tearme your selfe a miserable one. I know not what you thinke; but I wish no part in heaven, if there be any manner of misfortune upon earth, I would not undergoe, to render you in happy state thereby. Adue, I go to breath forth my afflictions, in some place, whereas my worst of sufferings never shall offend the due respect I owe to you, and which I ever shall preserve to you even in my own losse.

*The Answer. 25.*

**Y**OU have made an ill construction of my intentions; if so be you thinke that I desire to banish you my sight, since yours have ever been too deare to me, to value it now no better. And you shall much offend me if you doe not bid adue by word of mouth. When you shall enter into your selfe, you will I assure me confesse, that you are in an error, & that all such things as you accuse me of, are the furthest may be from any design of mine.

Y

The

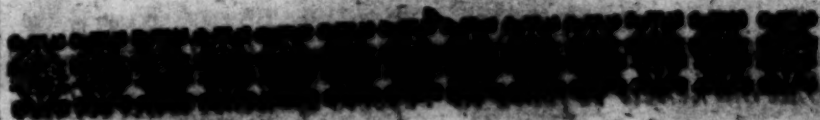


*The Reply. 26.*

IF I have ill interpreted your intentions, you may blame your selfe, that have alwaies hidden them in words so mysticall, as I have been unable ere to penetrate. I well might thinke you interdicted me your speech and sight, when I perceived that you would neither see nor yet give eare unto me. And that hath caused me to resolve to bid adue by Letter, not to offend you, but to avoyd your offence, and to punish my selfe for the sinne I have committed in loving you too perfectly. But since you let me know that I should give you offence, if so I should not come, to present it you by word of mouth, I shall collect whatsoever remains to me of life, to come and tender you that word, the sole and onely thought whereof is killing. I beleeve I shall confesse me in an error, if once I doe re-enter in my selfe, for really I think not therein ever to re-enter. Yet am I not so besides my selfe, that I shall ever forget me so as to accuse you of any thing, no it is I, that I accuse of all the ills I undergoe, and I, the man that doth impute them still to my misfortunes and my ill deserts.

The

THE HISTORY OF



THE HISTORY OF

**T**He next Epistle he wrote unto her, is the last mentioned in the story, where wee leave him departed for the Army, from whence having sent her sixe or seven severall Letters before he received one backe, being returned to Paris, hee wrote the following Epistles, which may give much light to the Reader, of the argument of the second part, that was neer finished, but could not wholly, for that, what the Author intended otherwise (as may be thought) fill out an unhappy tragedy signed with his owne lives blood, after he had fouré or five times victoriously returned out of the field, on severall appeals, honoured with the better on his enemies, by whom he was unfortunately murdered, neer the bed-side of this Lady.

Y 2

The

The Argument.

Being returned to Paris, he found that his Mistresse had barked to some ill reports of him, whereof hee complaineth, and for that she had taken from him such houres of visitation, as he had hardly acquired, to give them to another. The first occasion of breach betwene them.

Epistle 27.

**Y**Et ought I not to die, without so much as one word speaking, nor see my selfe condemned in a cause so iust, without defending me at all. I had thought to have smothered my complaints in silence of my death. But the griefes are too too smarting, and the injustice you accuse them of, oblige me to defend them. Madame, when I remember me of my departure, of my absence, and of my return, and do consider that in all the three, I have not done any thing, but still adore and worship you amid the most affrightfull and the hazardfullst divertisements could be, and that in recompence of this, and of an infinite of love, which I have testified to you, you in the instant, and almost on the first day of my arrivall, picked a quarrell with me, upon pretence as false, as my affections are most true, and as remote from my deportments, as two extreames can be the one from the other. When I call to minde that you have too forbidden me the honour of your entertainment,



tainment, and of visiting you at the houres, which I acquired by such, and so many cares, and which you now have taken away from me, to give them to the jealousie of a watchfull spie, that day and night orelooketh, and controules your carriage, and continually besiegeth your person. When I see the importunity of his tyrannie unworthily prefer'd the merit of my services; and that there is not that troublesome, or prating gossip, that doth not importunately approach your eare, and entertaine you three or foure houres without the least offence; where I am onely he to whom minutes, I and moments still are interdicted, being forced to passe whole daies entire at home with you, to attend the opportunitie to speake one word, and notwithstanding after this, to goe my waies unable once to doe it. It is impossible such bitternes succeeding such sweetes I promised me, and which you caused mee hope on my returne, can be digested and past ore without complaints. In one thing it may be Madam, I have failed indeed, I meane in that I have dared before you, ere to sigh them forth, to whom no sort of plaint as yet was ever just. So have you ascended them of injustice, and wrote to me that you have not loved the possession of my amity, but to cōsent unto the losse of it; which is a strange conceit, and I dare say not yours. for you have too much judgment, ere to love a thing unto no end. without it be to loose it. For me, right well you may loose mee, even when you please, ther's nought so certaine, Madam, and I shall readily serve you therein a-

gainst my selfe: But for my love, you never can, and if I would, I have sworne to you that it shall abide eternally. And once againe I promise you it shall: but never importune, or with such tyrannie as doth extend unto the deprivation of your libertie; But on the contrary, I never shall pretend once to stretch mine; but to depend alwaies & absolutely on yours. Here is what I had wrote when your man gave mee your Letters. After dinner I shall tell you more if so you please.

### The Argument.

*Vpon that shee had answered to his former Letter, how she was inforced to her griefe, to suffer displeasing company, and that she was sorry she could not admit of his entertainment, as she would. He returnes that the party whom shee faigned her to be unable to be rid of, was rather commanded to stay, purposely to keepe him off, And that he needed not his assistance in such case, knowing well that she might absolutely command, and forbid him what she pleased, in full assurance to be obeyed.*

### Epistle 38.

I Ndeed Madam I apprehend you freer of your elbowes then of your heart, as we say, and that the party you faigne ye unable to keepe off, is rather commanded to stay with you, purposely to keepe me away, and by his presence to deprive me of that, which otherwise you cannot deny to  
the

the justnesse of my desires: For how should it possibly be, but having so good a wit, a judgment so excellent as you have, and both accompanied with so sublime a spirit, you should give such power over your selfe unto a man that is nothing to you, so as he should not give you leave to dispose of one poore houre, that I have any time this month begg'd at your hands; if you had not expressely bid him so to doe? And what indignity were it, that he upon pretence of service, and affection, should so possesse him of your estate, and of the libertie of your person, that not so much as a breathing time should be free to you? And if that it be so Madam, you little need the use of his assistance, you know sufficiently by former experience, that my will is no way moved, but by the spring that orders yours; of which the least demonstration you may please to make mee, shall be my fate. You may absolutly command, and forbid me what you please, in all assurance of being obeyed, I, were I most certaine of death in the performance. Yet have I taken an ill course, since that which is refused to my submission, and obedience, is borne away by a strong hand, or at least cōstrained to render it selfe to importunity. But if you do not deceive me, but are really besieged against your will; whence comes it that you have such power in me as to command me go or stay, just as you please, and that you have no libertie to take a moment from another, to gratifie me? Is it not that it is onely I, that feare you, and that you feare all others? Is it not that you love  
their



their importunities; better then my discretion: and that you will be troubled, and not served. So had it beene better for mee to have done as others; for by the meanes of tormenting you like them, I had possessed your entertainment as they have done, or they had beene dispossessed thereof as I have beene, and the disgrace had not exceeded the demerit of the action. Notwithstanding Madam, I shall never repent mee to have serv'd well, I had rather bee punished for well doing, then noted for ill: But I most humbly intreate your pardon, if so I cannot brooke this passion *sans* complaint, nor loose my time, my understanding, and my selfe, for you, without ere sorrowing for it. I have told you oft, that you might render mee the happiest, or most miserable amongst m:n. But you can never render me what you may make me loose.

### The Argument.

*He complains of the languishing he suffers in her absence, and entreates her presence of her, as the onely thing sufficiently able, to chase her image from his thoughts.*

### Epistle 29.

*Madam,*

[ Thought by the request I made unto you yesterday, to have given some bound and order to the confusion of my thoughts; but I have done  
no-

nothing but multiply my owne impatiencies; I  
am mortally wounded in the imaginative; nor is  
my griefe lesse certaine; for being imaginary you  
cannot conceive; nor I expresse; the havock your  
image hath made in mee; since yesternight; It  
hath not failed to persecute and follow me unto;  
but past the Altar; respecting nought the sanctity  
and freedome of the Church; as if it would with-  
stand and hinder mee from worshipping of o-  
ther deitie then yours. Beateous Minerva, have  
pirtie on so many languishings which I doe che-  
rish; and doe mostouly embrace for love of you,  
that are the cause of them; Afford mee your pre-  
sence, that onely hath the power to chase your im-  
mage from my thoughts; And if in opening a  
vaine this morne, you have lost blood, If so you  
please, command that I replace therein of mine.

I cannot tell what to say or send you word of  
not knowing at what hour you will receive me: The

*The Argument.*  
She begs of God, he will inspire him with words of  
force to make her more favourable. And she complains,  
that hee had bene made to attend all she sayes for  
Answer. I have not beene in my power to  
keep you and believe me your letter

Epistle 30.

I Begge of God he will inspire mee with words  
that may be pleasing unto you, and that I may  
foresee the meanes to encline your heart to mee,  
and to perswade you to become more favourable.  
I lately wrote a word or two unto you, and I

have attended your answer all this day; Have I done you the offence, that hinders you to write? No, you pay not back with silence, those offences you beleeve that you receive from me. And if I have done none, why hold you me in the uncertainty of this expectation: I shall trouble you yet more to complaine of this. I were better bid you good day, and be silent.

**The Argument.**

*She answers to his preceding Letter, that she knows not what to say or send word of, and complains much of the importunity of those that visit her.*

**Epistle 1.**

I Cannot tell what to say or send you word of, not knowing at what houre I may see you: Never was woman in the world so importuned as I am, or rather Affassinde. I have not leisure so much as to write, be it never so little; Nevertheless I shall afford you some houre after dinner; or else it shall not be in my power, Lament I beseech you, and beleeve me your servant;

The



## The Argument.

*He replies, that if she knows not what to say or send him word of, he knows lesse what to do.*

## Epistle 32.

**I**F so you know not what to say or send me word of, I yet know lesse what to do, being much more grievously afflicted by my dolours, then you can be by your importunities. Notwithstanding if what you say be true, I lament you, if not, I am the man the most to be lamented under heaven. You might disabuse me in one word, and as I shall beleeve what you say to mee, I shall likewise doe whatsoever you command me. I am afraid you will cause me spend this day as others. *Patience is a vertue. I cannot chuse but obey you, and attend my life as your favour and grace.*

## The Argument.

*Hee praies her not to loose her peace of minde in the affaires, wherein she is busied. And so falls in discourse of his passions, and sufferings for her love.*

## Epistle 33.

**B**Eautous Minerva, Accept if so you please, the good morrowes wherwith I present you, together with this advise, not to loose the tranquillie of minde you owe your selfe, in such affaires

as you are now agitated with. Alas! I trouble and torment me on your behalfe; and for your occasions, and have no care or thought that I can possibly withdraw from yours, to apply them to my owne. Madam, I say not this to witnesse my affections, you see them better in my silence, then in any discourse of the world, they can be manifest. For all my words, and all my actions too, being bootlesse still to mee, finding my selfe reduced to all extremitie, you pitieless, and resolved to see mee die, without remedie of my ill, or of my remedie! what should I hope from any thing I possibly can say? Besides I know well this that I say now, is from the matter quite, and that you, finding your selfe engaged in things that more concerne you, will now, not regard them them ought; or else but slightly stay on them, as you were wont to doe. And how can I beleeve that this same Letter here should neuer touch ye yet, then all the passions you have seene me vent, and all the assestain'd dolours you have knowne me undergoe. even with as little sence, and lesse compassion of my ill, then if you had seene mee suffer for another one. So as it for a rare and singular prooffe of my affection, you wished to see the mad discourse of one distract, and reasonlesse, this same is it. Yet Madam, is there found a kind of ease in the complaint of things remediesse, and some manner of consolation in the relating of mishaps, which certaine ought to be permitted to the miserable, like my selfe, and which yet I will not stretch so farre, as to the importuning you,

you, but rather chuse to burn and hold my peace,  
 as hoping in your help more from your pitty,  
 then my own complaints. Good day *Minerva*,  
 faire one, once more good day; and againe once  
 more good day: permit I here doe give good  
 morrow to my Lady your mother too; together  
 with the antiquity of theeves, which I did pro-  
 mise her. But tis to you indeed I ought to have  
 presented it, as to the greatest thiefe on earth:  
 For if they be the greatest theeves that make the  
 greatest thefts, what greater robber can there be,  
 then one that steales away our hearts?

### The Argument.

*She answers, that if he knew how much she partakes  
 in his sufferings, hee would rather lament her then  
 himselfe, and that no one should ever esteeme better of  
 his merits, nor so cherish his affections, as herselfe.*

### Epistle 34.

**I**F you knew how much I partake in your suffer-  
 ings, and how often I wish some meanes in my  
 power to remedy them, you would rather lament  
 me then your selfe; no one shall ever esteeme bet-  
 ter of your merits then I, nor more cherish your  
 affections then I doe; if so I could assure you of  
 this truth by effects worthy you and my own de-  
 sires, I should not now make use of these misbe-  
 coming words, which verthelesse I intreat you  
 to accept, for that they come from her that ho-  
 nours you the most.



## The Argument.

Hee saith that it is impossible he should undoe him from the thoughts, that have undone him. Represents to himselfe the time he hath lost, in serving her, what she hath taken from him, and what she hath yet left him. And concludes, that it is high time, that he retire all naked as he is, to some desert, whither her image shall not be able to pursue him further. But that all this discourse vanisheth on her presence.

## Epistle 35.

**I**T is impossible I should ever undoe me from those thoughts have utterly undone me. You are with me as *Hellen* with the *Trojans*. So oft as they in absence did consult on her affaires, they concluded that they would discharge themselves of her: but if so be that she were present, then they did resolve they would retaine her yet. So when I call to minde the many years, that I have spent in serving you, where seeking to obtaine you, I have lost my selfe, there is no reason but doth counsell me to put you off. But what! I have lost all care of my affaires, the repose of my minde, the health of my body, the pleasure of life, and the remembrance of my selfe. You have taken from me my memory, understanding, and will, and have not left me my life, but to prolong my torments, or for the pleasure that you draw from them, or for the glory; since you receive  
such

such honours yet therein, as are not rendred unto any other one. Is it not time all naked as I am left, I seek to save me in some desert place, where your pursuing image nere can finde me out: but this discourse doth vanish all, if once I come in sight of you; and I instead of my supporting it, become as one that dumbly playes the Amorous, demanding straight your pardon to have had the thought; or come, not by your reasons, but your beauties: And in your absence is it yet much worse; I weep not, no my dolours were full light if I could heale them with my teares: I dye in passion not to be beleeyed, whilest you do cause, and yet doe sleep secure and carelesse of my ill. I was yesterday to have seen some Ladies, to have diverted me, intending to have spoke to them of love, as unto them indeed I did, but it was still of yours, or rather indeed of mine. Pressed thereupon to name the cause from whence my sighing did proceed, I told them there, I sighed not for a woman, but a deity. My goddess, then adue, receive part of the sighes you cause, which bring you a good morrow, and know the King departs on Monday without faile. I am to goe this morning into many places, whither I shall not carry other then my body, howsoever I have much to doe with the best gifts of my soule. Of which if so that you be asked the newes, say boldly, that it dwels with yours, in Flying-heart street. This sufficeth not, I must adde that you have lost one half of my Letters which I intreat you to look out.

## Argument.

He complains that they would debar his visits on the passion weeke, and that it was not a generall rule: but his greatest griefe was, to leave her in the hands of her enemies, whose drifts he discovereth to her, and offers himselfe to undertake them.

## Epistle 36.

Madam,

**N**ot seeing you yesterday at Church, according to that you have told me, I iudged you were retained at home by some unhappy discontent; but I was ignorant of meanes to inform my selfe thereof; for to have sent to you, it was at such an houre as you had not dared to have returned me answer, and for to have had me come unto you much lesse: I too, remembered me of what you said, concerning visits on these daies, of which I think full well, and should much better yet, were it a generall rule for all, and not a particular exception for me onely. But if it were not amisse as yesterday, it is yet good to day, and to morrow better, and I being to depart on Monday, shall consequently goe without the honour to see you, for whom I not onely am and stay here, but for whom opely I live, which is not the greatest of my unhappinesse, though it be extreme, since having alwaies placed your pleasure  
above



above my owne, I easily can resolve of any thing  
contenting unto you; but my misfortunes being  
to me a much lesse burthen then are yours, it is  
the greatest sorrow I can have, to leave you in  
your enemies hands, from whence it seems you  
have no will to free your selfe, and from whence  
my minde foregives me, that you will not part,  
but by the light of some debate. Madame, to say  
truth, it is not for me to talke of this: for as it is  
fatall to me to foretell you verities, it also seems  
that you are destinate not once to credit them, and  
that you have no faith nor cares, that you can  
lend to any one, but such as will deceive you. By  
so much the more as you are good, and generous,  
by so much are you subject to deceit, since gene-  
rosity is alwaies opposite unto distrust. Who  
doth no ill, suspecteth none, and one that doth  
not thinke ere to deceive a friend, beneath the  
shadow of affection, cannot beleve that in an-  
other, they cannot once conceive in themselves.  
But feele you not the effects of some designs,  
that you have never seen? doe you not see, that  
they have got possession of your goods, and of  
your liberty, and that under a pretence of serving  
you, they doe but tyrannize? But though it be a  
marvell, I should herein confine me to so little  
speech, having such reason to extend me in so  
sensible a cause, for all this I wish not that my  
passion Madame, should yet render me importu-  
nate; but on the contrary I most humbly crave  
you will pardon me, if the sorrow to know you  
in these displeasures, and the feare to see you fall

in others yet more great, have made me hazard  
the displeasing you. It is no part of my designe,  
no rather may I dye then once to think it. You  
know how much I honour you. I wish no other  
witness of the affection I beare you, then your  
selfe. Beleeve then, it is that which makes me  
speake, and that I looke upon all other things,  
*sans* interest. Here then, accuse me not of hu-  
mour, and of phantasie, upon mine honour there  
is none, if you call not humour and fancie an ex-  
treame passion to doe you faithfull service, for  
which there is no desire of honour, nor necessity  
of businesse, that I'll not quit, nor man upon the  
earth I would not undertake, and he by so much  
the more heartily then others, as he does under-  
take concerning you, and does not onely marre  
the good of your affaires, but more the beauty of  
your daies, in shadow of obliging you. Yet I par-  
don me that I doe take offence at the ill is done to  
you. I cannot chuse but doe it, being so intirely  
yours, as that you have not any thing so proper-  
ly belonging to you as my selfe. And after having  
pardoned me, give leave I bid you here farewell.

## The Argument.

Having fought this morning upon the occasion spoken of in the former Letter, and having astonished his Mistressse, by the recitall of so unlucked for an action, he writes to her that her astonishment caused him to judge that she hoped some better end, or feared a worse. And shewes that neither the one, nor the other, could be.

## Epistle 37.

Madame,

**T**He astonishment wherein I saw you overwhelmed at the recitall of an action, wholly advantageous, as well for you as me, and whereunto I did not bring lesse consideration, for any thing might have regard to you, then ought that might concern my honour or my life, hath put me in care for what you undergoe, and caused me judge, or that you hoped of a better successe therein, or feared a worse. To hope a better Madame, it could never be, that one should render satisfaction in the field more happily then I have done, unto a man so offended in his honour, without the least submission made, or any hurt received; and for to feare a worse, I cannot thinke he hath received so much content therein, as that he covets much to come more there. And to what purpose were it indeed to returne to the place from whence we of our selves retired without the



least obligation from another one? For me, I am well pleased to have rendered him the satisfaction, he did desire to see me with my sword in hand, and he hath seen me; but he hath not let me see, that he understood so well the maxims of honour as by his challenge he did promise me, since he did let me part from him without enforcing of the satisfaction, which he did pretend unto. See here the cause by which he most importunes me, to speake no more of this our combat, then I have done therein. For me, Madame, I am not so ill versed in the mystery, but I know well it will be said, we had no great desire to hurt our selves, and that these sacrifices ever are by so much the lesse honourable, as they are little bloody: but it was to preserve my honour, and not to atchieve thereof, from him that I came there, I have acquired enough in hotter places said, and as I doe not feare the faces or the swords of all of any enemy, I likewise not desire to reduce them unto such despaires, as make them undertake more then their courage could. He was offended, and he hath done nothing that I know, but beare away the sad repentance of his own offence, and left with me the pleasure of it. Good day my goddess, send me back my man, to the intent he may direct me where you please.

The

And if I knew how much I suffer in this  
**The Argument.**  
He complains that he had judged amisse of a good  
action. I wish that he beleev'd that hee had seen the  
man of whom hee spoke, and got from him the confes-  
sion hee desired. How conformable which was to his  
wounds, hee should finde when she should fulfill hers. And  
that hee now should rest, till hee had made him even  
the truth.

**Epistle 38.**

**Madam,**  
If so I caused your astonishment this morning  
by the discourse I had with you, you have now  
after dinner reader'd me againe sufficiently ama-  
zed at your judgement and opinion thereof. I am  
become so much dismay'd to see you doubt the  
verity of my words, and blame my carriage, as  
that there cannot bee that fault, wherof I deeme  
my selfe not guilty. I was this morning much sa-  
tisfied in my proceedings, and it seem'd to mee I  
had done well in so easily rendering him content,  
that was so much displeased. But your opinion  
Madam, quite perverteth my whole sence: And  
as I rather do beleev'e in what you say, then what  
I doe my selfe, I now conceit whatsoever I did  
think wel done before, most ill, for that you judge  
it so. And the worst of all is, that as on the one side  
you absolutely forbid me to doe better, so on the  
other, you most openly inforce mee thereunto.

And if you knew how much I suffer in this thought, and how much I esteeme me miserable in that sufferance, to loose the blisse of your presence, for having but too carefully endeavoured it, you then should have the most mercilesse heart that ever was, if so you had not pittie of my life. But Madam, I beleeve you have seen the man of whom I speake, and got from him the confession you so much desired. I know right well, you will not tell me so: for you are forbidden to reveale it, but I shall finde, if so it be conformable unto my words, when you accomplish yours, that promised mee nere more to make esteeme of his friendship; and in such case I demand not but the continuance of yours. But by the esteeme that you shall henceforth make of him, I shall perceiue or that you are no woman of your word, or else that he hath disavowed of mine. I assure you Madam, I shall never rest untill I have enforced him to avow the truth of what I have said; And doe assure you yet once more, that you shall not againe blame me for having done too little. Adeu Madam, impart yet of your hand to him who you doe utterly debaile your sight.



## The Argument.

He saith that he hath something to say to her, which he had not yet said, for that whatsoever hee premeditated to tell her in absence, flies his memory when she is present. Represents to her his languishings and the paines hee had from time to time protracted him, yet without complaint, for that loving her with an extraordinary affection, hee was well pleased to testifie it by respects in common.

## Epistle 39.

I Had a large discourse in my head this morning, which certainly I should not yet have delivered you, for whatsoever in your absence I premeditated to say unto you, vanisheth still in your presence like shadowes before the Sunne: But whatsoever I have said to you before, I found mee greatly disburthened to see you, and to heare you speake with such freedome as yesterday you did, and by so much the more as I hoped it was with little divertisement, and much leisure: but the event did no way answer to my hopes, since in place of a daie more favourable then I had propounded to my selfe, I approv'd it yet a hundreth times worse, more tedious, and unhappie. After having attended you from ten of the clocke this morning, untill twelue, your man comes to tell mee that you cannot come, but that after dinner I shall heare from you, with advertisement that  
you

you were still extreemly busied. To night returning from walking those fancies which you have so much blamed me for, I found *Poliarque* before your doore, who intreated mee to come in, as if it had been his house. I most humbly thank him for his kinde offers, and hee perceiving that I did not accept them, at last asked me if I would not enter, to which I answered, that there was nothing in the world which I would more willingly, nor any thing likewise which I durst lesse. He marvelled at this, And I doe marvel at it likewise, well knowing that the continuance onely of my acquaintance, did give me better accessse to you, then hee could proffer mee: Neverthelesse Madam, I tell you this without any kind of complaint; for loving you as I doe with a more then ordinarie affection, I am well pleased to testifie it by respects incommune. I would onely that they did cause you see, that they are such which ought to be invited, who you with ease may rid you off, and not those men, of whom one knows not how to be freed, for feare they doe not render you like to that wife that was faine to be enforced, and torne from out the armes of her lovers. But see here if I be not estrai'd from the discourse I said I had to make to you, and if I should not mightily have erred before you, that have upon my paper so let my selfe be carried away, in thoughts so much estranged to the subject of my intentions: which was here to have cleared such difficulties as you have propounded to me, since I could not doe it by word of mouth, and you see  
on

on what I am fallen. I hope well, it needes not neither, that this suit should be legally tried by forme in writing, you will not alwaies be so busied, and inexorable, but you will give me some time of audience to plead my cause; were I but so assured of your favour, as of your justice, I am sure I should not doubt of a good issue, which nerthelesse I expect more of your grace then its demerits.

### The Argument.

*He persisteth still in the discourse of his languishings, and some others which hee framed in walking alone along the Seine. At last hee concludes absence, for absence, it were more supportable, farre off then neer, and that the more he deferreth, the more he draweth out in length the violence of his torments and vexations.*

### Epistle 40.

**I**F the afternoone were yesterday tedious, this morning hath seemed againe to me an age. I had sufficient leisure to heare masse at little Saint Augustines, and after that to walke as farre as *The good mens*, in which walke I have beene agitated with such variety of imaginations as now I cannot say. I had no other company but one servant though somewhat too much of him; for besides that many times words escaped him that disturbed my thoughts: I held for enemy what soever opposed mee their entertainment, and sought so carefully to order them, as to be solitary in them



at the better leisure; (if I could have separated me from my selfe) I should have done it. It behoves Madam, since I am unhappily deprived that good of seeing you, that at least yet I retaine that of entertaining you in my contemplations, and that augmenting with my teares the waters of *Seine*, I should oblige some of her deities one day to mak you the pittifull recitall of my sorrowes; Yet I beleve that such as thinke that certain deities do haunt the banks of Rivers are mistaken much; for had there any one beene there, they must have tane some note, and consequently then some pity of my ills, and I had not returned from thence disconsolate. Yet it may be that they perceiving my griefes remediable, chose rather not to seeme to see them, then vainly to insinuate their good wills, to cure an ill, incurable, or such a one at least, as meerly did depend on you alone to help. At last Madam, having well weighed my passions, in a confusion of divers thoughts, in the revolt of my best wits, and in so profound a forgetfulness even of my selfe, as with much a doe dared I hope once to returne from hence: I thought it did behooe me yet to lend some care to what my reason did enforce, and not to stop them still gainst all that ever she can speake; that it is not enough for us to manifest couragious hearts against our enemies, but that we ought imploy our constancies against our selves, and use the utmost of our powers to vanquish us; for that the fairest victory that can be had, is that we doe obtaine upon our selves; that absence for absence tis easier

sier to endure far off then neere, for that you shall be therby the lesse importuned; and I by so much the lesse afflicted, as I shall not see my enemies neere a good, which I am constrained to decline. That at last yet I needs must come, & that which reasonably I should not doe, I shall yet by necessity be enforced unto. This is the most cruell and the unhappiest resolution to which my ill fortunes possibly can bring me: but things inevitable cannot be avoided; Of needs I must be gone, of force I must depart from you, and the longer I deferre this parting, I doe but the more enforce the violence of my torments. My devoire, the good of my estate, and my honour calls me away, and nothing staies mee here, except your company, of which I am deprived. It is not possible to tell you now the havocke, and disorder, which these thoughts have caused within my breast. Yes, you know more thereof then I possibly I can relate, but you know not of all that I do undergo therein. But Madam, you know well I flie them not in hope to make escape, I may perchance extend, but cannot breake your chaines, but whereſoere I go, I still shall bear along with me their waight, together with your figure in my breast, where I shall never honour ought like it. You that know better then my selfe this that I say to you; pardon if so that I herein doe still appeale to you, and if that henceforth I forbear more to disturb the peace of your faire soule, by the outrageous furies and despair of mine.

## The Argument.

*He conjures her take some pittie on his languishings, and not still to detain him in the solitude shee had the day before. Complaines that he having so little time to spend with her, should waste it so ill, that he abides here but onely for the sight of her, and yet hee sees her not, but amongst such company as doe deprive him of her sight.*

## Epistle 41.

**I** Doe conjure you here take yet some pittie of my languishings, have some regard to the constraint I undergoe by my not daring to approach your sight uncalled. If so againe you will afford this day unto the company you did the last, I shall againe become o'whelmed in the same solitude I was, and in the selfe same sorrows which do as yet remain with me, for having so little time to stay with you, and employing it so ill, not being here but onely for the good I reape in seeing you, and not seeing you at all but in such company as doe deprive me of your sight. But if so be that this disfavour were yet recompenced by some particular grace, I then should be perswaded that this your ill usage were to hide from me that small good will you beare me, and that I were not absolutely lost, for that I might beleeve



I had acquired something in you. But you will not afford to me the time you know not what to doe withall. Our walkes and visits after supper too, are taken away from me: others may see you in bed, where I can scarce at Church, and yet have you the heart to let me part with this discomfort in my breast, even I that likely you shall nere see more. This very thought is now my murtherer: but here I call to minde the argument I had with you this morne: how that you wisht me well, or that you did not wish me well; and if so be you doe, why then should I afflict you by this same recitall of my ills; and then if not, why should I afflict my selfe for an ingratefull one. I left you three of my Letters, to which you have not answered yet, but not to oblige you any whit thereto; no, could I oblige you unto any thing, it should be to love me, as I do you, abov: all other things on earth.

### The Argument.

*Vpon a quarrell which he had had on her occasion, of which shee had endeavoured an accord, upon some tearmes. Hee intreats her to pardon him if so be he would not endure that it should be conceived in that manner.*

### Epistle 42.

**M**Adame, they have spoiled our accord in going about to amend it; they could not beleeve

leeve that I was in case to fight, without beleeving the contrary of what they saw, and of what I said before I dreamt of a challenge. Wherefore I most humbly intreat your pardon, that I cannot endure it should be conceived in such tearmes. I beseech you likewise, Madame, not to think that it is to render me difficult in what you desire of me, nor yet to shew me a brave fellow, I am sufficiently braved by my sicknesse, that not onely hinders me from fighting, but from agreement likewise; and I beleeve but for the visit and pardon which you were yesterday pleased to afford me, I should not this day have been in case to accept it. Faire *Minerva*, good day, since that honour is so much esteemed of by you, let it please you that I live and dye honourably, and for that otherwise I cannot merit to be yours.

### The Argument.

*Being pressed to an honourable agreement, and threatned with her disfavour, in case he should refuse, he saith that shee urged him to a thing that she would upbraid him with so soone as he had done it. Notwithstanding which, he would consent to whatsoever shee should doe, to testifie his obedience to her.*

### Epistle 43.

**M**Adame, you now urge me to a thing, which you your selfe will upbraid me with so soon

as I have done it, and you threaten me with another, the very conceit whereof oppresseth me so, as I am unable to undergoe it. I esteem much of the merits of that Cavallier whereof you speake, and am his most humble servant: but he and you both must pardon me if so I cannot think I ought to put mine honour on the protection of any other then my own sword. Neverthelesse, Madame, to manifest that all impossible things are yet easie, where it ought concernes, or your contentment, or the inviolable obedience I have sworne to you, I shall assent to whatsoever you please I shall doe, to the intent to live ever in quality of your most humble and over-obedient servant.

### The Argument.

*Vpon some coldnesse in his Mistresse, he saith that he dares not so much as send to her house to know when she will be pleased he may come thither. Nor yet can he but doe it, having so little time to live neere her.*

### Epistle 44.

**M**Adame, you are so severe on my behalfe, and I so unhappy in giving you offence still, (however innocently) that I dare not so much as send to your house to know when you will be pleased that I may come thither, yet cannot I chuse but doe it too, for that the lesse time I have,  
the



the more pretious it is to me; foure dayes have passed since I interrupted your affaires, or that I gave you meanes to shew me the ill lookes you did this morning. Wherefore, Madame, I most humbly intreat your pardon, if so I seek to husband what is left to my best advantage, and if I pray you forbear to heape all your indignation on the head of a poore innocent, that lives not but to dye yours.

### The Argument.

*Vpon a promise she had made him to afford him her company and entertaine, as 5 of the clocke, he sent to see if her watch were not stayd or put backe, or if shee had not yet againe some other demurre, to put him off to another time.*

### Epistle 45.

**I**T is at least 5 of the clocke hereabouts, but for that all watches goe not alike; I have sent to know if yours be not stayed or put backe, or if so be you have not yet againe some device to put me off till the morning. It may be that thus protracting time, you hope to weary me out, or that you may finde some occasion to breake asunder what you have so often stretched and extended. 'Tis true, I may be wearied with importuning you, but never can by honouring you, and that you may at pleasure breake any thing with me, but the chaines that fasten me to your service.

The

## The Argument.

He excuseth himselfe of an action to which the violence and indiscretion of a bad woman, had born him, in the lodging and presence both of his Mistresse, for which he humbly entreateth her, either to pardon, or punish him. So taking againe a discourse in hand that he had left, he humbly entreats her to weigh the importance of it, and to afford her one houre upon that subject.

## Epistle 46.

**T**He discourse you began with me upon the arrivall of the good woman, and the bad action she inforced me to commit, have incensed new turmoiles in my breast, the sence whereof I feele in the indisposition of my body likewise. Not Madame, that I am sorry for any thing she said to me, or I did, but that it was in your lodging, and almost in your presence, which I would have as religious a regard to, as to the Temple or the Altar. But I am outraged in the resentment you have testified therein, and feele so great sorrowes for that I have really sinned against the respect I owe you, that I should never receive comfort therein, did I not know that her impudence provoked my modesty, and that you your selfe, Madame (pardon that I dare to say it) made the first way unto this mischief, by opening your dore unto her. Moreover, Madame, it was not for any

offence she did me, that I offended her, but for the clamor she made in your lodging, which I was not able to endure, so as I left not my duty, but to enforce her to keepe within hers. Wherein, Madame, I confesse I have done amisse, and most humbly intreat you either to pardon, or else to punish me for it: for any one of them shall content me, so you may be satisfied. But as to that discourse was entred into by you, I hold it a thing so serious as you never did that act wherein there might be more judgement or discretion needfull then in it. I will not write thereof unto you, but forbear my advice: for besides that the interest of my passions might render it suspected, I am still so unfortunate in such things, as I know you would chuse the contrary, to that I might counsell you, as you know well you have done ere-whiles in the most important actions of your life, the repentance wherof is not yet absolutely past. You know too, Madame, that there is no passion in the world so deare to me, but your good is yet much more valued of me; & when you do let me see that it is for your good, I shall forbear to oppose it, and most faithfully serve you therein against my owne affection, and against my selfe. But be you not so rash as to precipitate a designe of that importance, without scarce thinking of it. Remember you how often I have been unhappily certaine in my predictions, and how many deaths I should suffer to see you commit a second error worse then the first. But I beseech you grant me the favour I may have one houres discourse



course with you to morrow on this subject, be it a walking, or any other where that you shall think convenient, to the end I adde not such an apprehension (to those sorrowes I groane under) as to abandon & loose you, you, that have begot hopes in me much contrary to this despaire.

*The Answer.*

*Epistle 47.*

[ Pardon you yet againe this one time, but more of my own goodnesse, then o'recome by your reasons, and I will to morrow afford you an hours conference, if so it be in my power.

*The Reply on the same occasion*

*Epistle 48.*

**Y**our Indulgences be not absolute. Yesterday you pardoned me, and to day againe you punish me, by forgetting your promise. I am nevertheless ready to endure all, as one that you know yours.

Cc. 2

The

## The Argument.

He saith that he will write to her continually, since she hath commanded it, and will never lament him, for that she hath forbade it. Confesseth that he wants the good parts might oblige her to wish him well, and that he hath but too many ill ones, to merit her bad usage, saith that all things worke according to their properties, and that he having a heart of flesh, and she one of stone, it must be that she should be as insensible of his affections, as he is quickly sensible of hers.

## Epistle 50.

**H**owbeit I doe but irritate my ill in going about to expresse it, and that it is some kinde of ease to me to complaine, I will nevertheless no way cease to write to you, because you have commanded it, and never will I lament me because you have forbidden it. For besides that complaint is bootlesse and extremely hurtfull; it seemes to me unjust that I should complaine of the ills which I suffer but justly, either through the excesse of your deserts, or through the want in me. No Madame, I learne now to acknowledge the wrong I doe you, in complaining of you unto your selfe: and as I most humbly crave you mercy, I likewise confesse that it is at my selfe that I onely ought to take offence, for that I have not sufficient good parts, to oblige you with me well, and that I have but too many ill ones, to merit  
your

your bad usage. And then, it must needs be too, that all things should work according to the constitutions of their proper and immediate natures. A man should be but laught at, that should complain because the day is light, and the night dark, it being a thing so well known, that the one cannot be without cleernesse, nor the other without shade. Wherefore then should I expect lesse on my complaints, for that I see you so obdurate in the behalfe of my passions? since that hee that made me a heart of flesh, made yours of Marble? Must it not then be, following our owne constitutions, that you are as obdurate, and insensible of my affections; as I am quickly sensible of yours? But who renders this thus subtile, to produce such reasons as argue your cruelty, against my selfe. Is it not a proofe of a begreatesse perfection in love, to which the wit of man can attain? You Madam, amongst the many slaves which you have captivate, have you ever heard whisper of an affection so perfect as mine, or once heard speech of an Empire so absolute and powerfull as yours? But it is now too long, I doe not stay to tell my passions, in going about to speak them. Learn you them then, of your selfe that crye them. And beleieve mee, as I am capable of the assurance here in, then of the expression thereof. You bee, right and not wrong, for I am sorry that you doe not know more worthy the acknowledgement thereof.



## The Argument.

Shee answereth that the cause why shee prayd him to write, was, that her desert could not be commended, but by the judgment he gave thereof. That shee sorrowed that a persons so worthily entertained, should be for a subject so incapable of the acknowledgments.

## Epistle 51.

It is not with designe to irritate your ills, that I have prayd you write to me; It is for that your Letters being welcome still, and perfectly well composed, cannot but greatly oblige those to whom they are addrest, and me more particularly, that more particularly doe honour you. I agree not neither that you have so many defaults, and I so many perfections, they be words of curtesie, which serve rather to make knowne your demerits, then mine commended, which indeed are no way recommendable. I wish not bee in the judgment you give thereof. I answer not to the martile heart, whereof you complaine, since I have told you by word of mouth, I whatsoeuer can be written thereupon. And it is true that you sigh, and not unworthily become passionate, and I am sorry that you doe it not, for a subject more worthy the acknowledgment thereof.

The Argument.

He replies that if she knew the greatness of his passions, she would not say that he did worthily entertain them, but that hee injures them. And intreats her to give him leave to come and learne at hers, the subject for which she desired her should become passionate, according to her promise to him.

Epistle 9.

**I**F so you knew how great and many more my passions are, then my sighes, you would not say that I did worthily entertaine them; but rather that I much injured them; And as to the marble heart to which you will not answer, you cannot better then thereby, make scene that you your selfe are wholly marble. You are agreed that I sigh not for a subject more capable of an acknowledgment thereof. I most humbly beseech you Madam, to give mee leave that I come to your house this afternoon, according to what you promised mee yesterday, to learne it of you. And likely I may as well sigh for some other, when you have commanded it, as I have power to leave sighing for you, when you have forbidden it.

The

## The Argument.

*Hee saith that if hee did not by obedience, what hee also doth through affection, hee knows not why hee should write to one that is little mov'd by his Letters, as the posts and corners of the walls, to which our Bills be usually fixed. That instead of animating an image, and rendering it sensible of his passions, he hath rendered her sencelesse, by the vertue of his sighes. And of a heart of flesh hee hath made one of impentable stone.*

## Epistle 53.

**I**F so you had not commanded me to write, and that I did not in obedience; what I likewise doe through affection, I should be much troubled to say: wherefore I write to one, that permits not her selfe to be once touched at my Letters, but rests as little moved therewith, as the posts, and corners of walls, to which men use to fixe their writings. Tis said, a Lover once of old, through the force of sighs, and vehement desires, did animate an image, rendering it sensible of his passions: But I by the power of such sighes, and vehement desires, have render'd you sensible of mine, and of a heart humane, and naturally pittifull, my hard mishap hath made an inaccessible Rocke. It is indeed a Prodigious mervaille, that I should still continue opinionarly obstinate, in seeking meanes to mollifie your disposition, having so long since had sufficient prooffe, that my perseverance daily  
more



more hardneth you, and whatsoever can be imagined in love, to decline the cruelty of a woman, seemes but to heighten yours, and make a temper still more impenetrable, Why then doe I persevere? I know no cause, unlesse it be that having no manner of reason in what I doe, it belongs not unto me to give a reason for my actions, and that not doing any thing but what you please, you are to render reason for what I do. Tell me then you, why tis I busie me to present to you a passion in paper here, that is no more unknowne to you, then to my soule; and each one sees so cleerely in my face, that even my man hath simply told mee, that they at yours, report that I but pine away, and languish for your love. It is most certaine true, I doe, and that for a subject so solely worthy of my languishings, that I should deeme mee most unhappie not to doe it. But yet it does belong to you, my beauteous Goddesse, not to forbear untill this passion hath reduced me unto such extreamity, as your too tardive pittie may deprive me of my life, & you of the most faithfull subject ever lived beneath your Empires lawes.

**Dd** **The**

## The Argument.

*Having forborne three dayes without writing backe one word to him, (whatsoever may be sayd in her answer) for missing this morning, shee seemes astonishd at his silence, and commandeth him to aske her pardon for it.*

## Epistle 54.

**I** Cannot beleeeve you can accuse mee, having so much cause to lament mee, and marvaile that you have not sent unto me this morning, being you know well, how much your Letters pleasure me as a contentfull divertisement. You should demand my pardon for having failed therein, since you are yet to remaine here some time in this Citty.

## The Argument.

*After so many complaints and delayes thereon, upon which hee had resolved to speake no more, then in one Letter, he intended to send her on his departure, he yet gives her answer, and bids her farewell.*

## Epistle 55.

**A**fter having born my patience even unto despaire, and having let my heart fret and eate it selfe for 3 or 4 dayes, regardlesse of my ill, howsoever you have put me off as many times, from

from eve to morn, and then from morning, untill eve againe. In the end, you send your man to mee to enquire of my health. I told him you knew better then I, and then I was resolved to have said no more: for whatsoever reason I can have, yet am I still in fault if I complaine, and finde no other satisfaction to be had, then accusation of an ill dispose, and humorousnesse. My intention was thereupon to have born my unhappinesse alone, not speaking or once writing to you, more then a Letter, which I meant to send you just upon my parting, and which I really thought should be the last of all my life. For what other thing can you expect from me, then to see my rage converted against those that are the causes of my banishment, or by a worser stroke be turned upon my selfe? Madame, if so I lived not with you, in more respect then they are capable of, or ere can render you, I might come to you as well as they, nor could you shut your dore against me, in opening it to them, without the giving me just cause to make complaint. Am I not then extremely miserable, to loose the happinesse of seeing you, even by the meanes that ought to acquire it me? To see me punished for the honours that I render you, and they recompenced for the offences they commit against you? And if in other things we were equals, and they were able yet to honour you like me. Me thinks, comming from so farre, and having staid so long time here, but for the sole desire of seeing you, now that I am upon the instant of my departure, and my vi-



sits, it may well be, the last that I shall ever render you, ought in some sort to be preferred before such as you have time enough to see when I am gone: but of these things I had resolved to have spoke no more. Two reasons yet oblige me here to mention them; the one to shew you that I have no other humour in it, then is most reasonable, and would to God it were much lesse, the other in answering of the note was given me from you. You have reason, Madame, to say I cannot accuse you; for how should I accuse one, of whom I dare not once complaine? You safely may continue your blowes, and well beleevethat if I have not accused you of the ills which you have done, and as yet doe unto me, I never shall accuse you of those you doe procure me. For the cause (you say) I have to lament you, you know well, Madame, it is unknowne to me, at least as much as the depth of your intentions, in which I never entred yet, without it were in that did nought belong unto me. You know, Madame, likewise, that this is not the first time, you have commanded me to lament you, on such occasion as there was more need by much, that you lamented me, though by much lesse then there is now. Yet I have nerethelesse lamented you, and I as yet doe grieve for you, though I have never been lamented, nor doe know the cause as yet, for why I grieve. You are astonisht that I sent not to ye this morning; you flout me Madame, for my astonishment, and cruelly you here renue the impatience and the anguish that I groane beneath, in the prolong'd

prolong'd expectance of what you should have sent me. As to my Letters, Madame, it is true they were not drawne but<sup>r</sup> mæriy for your content, and for your glory, and it so be I knew my penne, or tongue were animated yet, from other object then your selfe, I never more would write or speake, whilest I had breath; so am I indeed at the next dore to doe nor one, nor the other: but they have served you for a may-game, your sport, and not divertisement, and have procured me more ill; for one poore word taken amisse, then I have had of good, from so many commendations, which I have not lesse worthily expressed, then rendred you. You will that I demand your pardon, Madame, hold you to that, I have my knees as plyant, and my heart as humble too, as ere they were; but then it must be onely in my thoughts, since, that your sight is positively so denyed me, and that I cannot thinke that the little time you have to afford me your company, can wipe from off my soule, the sorrowes that I feele, for that you have made me loose. Aduce then Madame, amid the sorrow of such griefes as beare me away, I yet shall carry along with me, the contentment never to have increased the number of those importunities, which make a rape upon your liberty, nor never to have dispensed with the obedience which I owe you.

## The Argument.

*Meeting him yet by chance, and being made friends,  
she failes againe of her promise to him, which obligeth  
him to breake with her once for all, and send her this  
his last farewell.*

## Epistle 56.

**V**Vhen I met you yesterday, I thought it had been for my good, but I finde to day it was but to render me yet more miserable. I had set up my rest, and as there is more sufferance to resolve of an unhappinesse, then to support it; I had already digested therein the worst of bitternesse, for that I was resolved. But this unhappy encounter hath as it were reburied me in the ills from whence I was almost gotten, and have caused me to finde them by so much the more sensible, as they happened to me unexpectedly, and upon the promise of a false good, that hath caused me a thousand reall evils. What can I have done unto you since yesternight, Madame, who hath obliged you to doe me the displeasures you have caused me feele this morning? which I beg'd of you, and you promised me as the last I had to passe in this City, I did put you in minde of it last night, and having rose this morning by 4 of the clocke, I expected newes from you un-ill 8. At 8 a clock I sent my man to you, who af-  
ter



ter a long stay returned to tell me that you went unto the Fryars to masse : you came not there untill upon eleven: the masse lasted till 12. and then I perceived you in conduct of another, to hinder me from comming neere you; you that the night before would by no meanes permit me to leade you. Is not this right worthily to acquit you of your promise? have you not cause to enquire if I be not in better humour then yesternight, having so well satisfied me? but this is not all, to the end I take away all cause of your accusing me of fantasticknesse; 'tis fit I justify a latter action by another word or two. You know Madame, that I have this two moneths intreated you to afford me the audience, caused me to come two hundred leagues to obtaine it: for I had no other businesse here, and could conveniently have staid the returne of the King, without comming to seeke the misfortunes I have found, in place of those felicities I promised me, after a thousand assurances, & as many failings, in the end you did vouchsafe it me the last time I was with you, but in such sort as it had been better much that you had never afforded it, for it was neither to talke to me, nor yet so much as once give eare to any thing I said, but to render me a spectator, at such discourse as then you held with some that I found with you, and whom you gave command I should leave there. Setting aside, that whilst your entertainment was refused me, you have afforded it, & doe afford it yet most orderly on every day to some, without the least divertisement, and to a man, of whom

whom, observe the end which ever crownes the act. Not knowing what more to do or say in this, wherein I have done or said as much as can be possible; I resolved to embrace despaire, and patiently to goe my waies without once taking my leave, rather then bootlesly lament mee of an ill remediless. You found me yesterday in this resolution, which then you made me leave, to cause me take again to day, by this unkinde ill use. Your servant notwithstanding comming from you to seeke mee, and imposing your commands not to depart without my bidding you Adue, obligeth me to write unto you. I have told you Madam, heretofore, that I had rather once to fall, then stumble still so oft; That the time you can afford me now, by no means can repaire what you have made me loose, and that the long & violent sorowes for such a losse is far more cruell unto me, then such a short possession can possibly be sweet. I am none of those that can crave pardon in their midst of punishment. When we are come so far, the worst is past, there is no more but one step then; Nor should I bee in fit estate to receive it, would you vouchsafe it, nor doe I now expect it. You have used me thus this Twelve month, and if this parting should yet happen like the last, why my returne were lik. ly then to prove the same. Which is the cause that I most humbly request your pardon, Madam, if not to interest you in my disgraces, I bear them to some other place where you shall never be accused of them; and if not to importune you with my visits, and complaints,

I write you here this last farwell that you shall ever have of me so long as I live. To come home and give it you, to speak with you, and to see you, It needs not that I take here the heavens to witness for me that I do desire it, since from having too too ardently still coveted it, and from having beene over unjustly denied it, proceeds all my unhappinesse. But you have too much irritate my sores, to heale them now. A moment of time wasted in interrupted teares, and unprofitable sighes, and yeelded at the point of my departure, cannot eface the sorrowes for the time that you so long have still withheld from mee; And then it were indeed, but now to knit, so breake againe to morrow, to beat one round, and endlesse path, againe and againe to ascend one rocke. I had rather die, then once more thinke of life, after the losse of all that ever made mee value it. God knowes the outrage that I doe my selfe, and the good whereof I doe deprive me; But I offer my selfe no violence that you have not constrained mee to, nor deprive mee not of any thing you have not first deprived mee. All the ills I can apprehend you have already caus'd mee undergo, and I have yet this comfort in my griefes, that if so be there is nothing I can hope, there is also nothing that I can feare. It is as now almost a yeare since you did promise mee a boone, Alas! with what an infinite of gentle thoughts have I still cherisht that, without once seeing it yet! I render it backe unto you, and I beseech you gratifie some other therewithall, whose merits are more known



with you, and affections more esteemed. For me, I never shall withdraw mine from an object so loved as your selfe, and shall ever beleeve that as they could not be more ingratfully acknowledged, they likewise could never be more worthily employed. But I shall leave you at least in peace, and never more with my misfortunes will I ever trouble your repose.

*The Answer.* Epistle 57.

If you depart not to day, I shall make you acknowledge you are in the wrong, and I entreat I may speake with you. If you desire it, I will give you to understand of mee at two a Clocke, And in the meane time, I pray you think you are in an error to complaine of mee.

*The Argument.*

His Mistress being informed hee was in blacks, took occasion to write word unto him, by which she consoled with him the new affliction she beleeved had beene befallen him.

*Epistle 58.*

I have learned that you are habited in mourning, and that consequently some new affliction is befallen you. The lawes of what is decent, and those of my owne inclination, cause mee partake there.



cause mee I slight all such as can happen to mee,  
 That is very true that according unto the Lawes  
 of what is decent, and of humanity like wise, if  
 you have any, you ought therein compatiat: But  
 that I can never believe that you condole with  
 me an ill, that you your selfe doe daily augment,  
 Being me made so many effects contrary to your  
 words, as there can be no day of my life, where-  
 in I shall not repent me to have beene thereby so  
 much seduced. For to what purpose speake you  
 to me of sorrow, you that doe all that ere you can  
 to loose, and ruine me. You have offended mee  
 to death, not onely without cause, but for such  
 reasons as are most capable of appeasing, had I  
 offended you. And I have undergone it, not one-  
 ly without revenge, but likewise for complaine,  
 continuing still in more respect then in offence. If  
 I complaine of you, I cannot do it but commen-  
 ding you. And if I take offence, tis ever gainst my  
 selfe, or such as doe defend me against you, and  
 render those praises as due, rather to my goodnes  
 then your merits. You Madam, on the contrary  
 seeke to defraud the man that honours you, and  
 repaire not the wrongs you have done him, but  
 by most irreparable outrages. Be it true that I  
 was offended at the speech you had with mee a-  
 bout the businesse chanced in Easter, you have a-  
 mended that, with another much worse, that  
 since you hee in my absence, with distinction of  
 quality, which could not be done without passi-  
 on, nor suffer'd but with rage, and madnesse, I  
 complaind that you refused me the honor of your



entertain, and conduct, and you have satisfied me  
 in affording it to all sorts of people else, And walk-  
 ing night by night before my window in compa-  
 ny of those you know doe hate mee. And after  
 this, to write that the Lawes of your inclination  
 enforce you to partake in my misfortunes; is it  
 not to take mee for the arrants *Wits* all ever lived?  
 But I see well your meaning, you are not content  
 to have heard say that wee fought, but you would  
 see it. And I shall deeme me most unworthy life,  
 and to have dared once to pretend unto your ser-  
 vice, if I manifest not to you, that I am your most  
 obedient servant.

### The Argument.

*She replies, that she is more amazed then offen-  
 ded at his Letter, and wisheth that all his vanities  
 were in that paper, so the end they obliged no other one  
 to answer them.*

### Epistle 60.

I Am more amazed then I am offended at your  
 Letter, and I could wish that all your vanities  
 were inclosed in the paper you sent me, so the  
 end that being unknown to any one but me, they  
 should not oblige any man to answer them. I  
 meane not for what hath respect to my self, how-  
 soever you have reported that I entreated you to  
 come and see me, and that you had no desire, nor

would do it, you know it a thing I never thought, and me think it would better become you to observe a modest silence, then to discourse of your goodnesse and of my demerits, since both the one and the other are but imaginary, as whatsoever appeareth, or in your Letters, or your discourse, be but vanities; which I feare every one will never suffer from you. And for that you accuse me to have said, I will let you see so soone as you please in presence of those have made that report, the cause you had to give credit thereunto, and the wrong you doe me to complain of my walks: I have not refused your conduct when it was fit I should admit it: and for the rest, the little interest you have in my actions, ought to forbid you, or meddle with or observe them. I conclude with this counsell which I entreat you make use of, viz, that you speake of others as they doe of you, that is to say, worthily.

### The Argument.

*He answers her threats, and to the vanities she accuseth him of, in a stile altogether estranged from the respect he had wont to render her, though not from his discretion.*

### Epistle 61.

**Y**OU have cause to say that you are more amazed then offended at my Letters, since indeed there

there is more cause of astonishment then of offence. In all the rest you are in the wrong, and chiefly in accusing me throughout of vanity, wherewith you manifest your selfe so stored, as you thinke to arrest and stay my words by your threatnings. I answer not to what hath been reported to you, because indeed it merits not an answer; and that it is altogether opposite to common sense, that a man that hath perpetually complained, that you would never see him, should vaunt to have been intreated thereunto, and not to have been willing. But there is no imposture so manifest, to which you rather lend not your believe, then to my best reasons, provided that it be against me, for that sufficeth to render it ever just. Notwithstanding you know that I have other manner of subjects to cherish my vanities with, would I embrace them, and if I were not more discreet then your advice can render me, I avow it, that it had been better indeed for me not to have spoken so worthily of your demerits, or my goodnesse, but not that the one or the other are imaginary, nor that the modest silence seems to you so comely, hath ever been broken yet, unless by you. As to that you say that whatsoever appears in my discourse, or in my Letters, is all but vanity, I appeale unto the judgement you your selfe have heretofore pronounced thereof, and to posterity that better farre shall judge therein then you. But you know me little, having had so long experience of me, and have exceeding ill impressions of my courage, if so you thinke 'tis  
feare



feare that renders me so modest as I am. I never feard but you, for that I never loved but you; and when I shall not love you any more, I shall then feare you no longer. Those whom you think to oblige to answer me, are for themselves already sufficiently ingaged, and they shall finde me ever as free, but more advised then they have found me yet. You are afraid that they should know what I have said, and I will print it to the end that none be ignorant thereof. I take no knowledge of the report was made to me, and so lightly beleieve not what is said of you, as you beleieve whatsoever is said of me; but by that you have said to my selfe, I have judged what you might say to others. As to your walks, it is true I have no interest in them, more then in the rest of your departments, but you deserve well to see some sport made you for your love; and my promise, and your threats, oblige me to let you finde that I doe not forget you. For conclusion, you counsell me to speake of others as they speake of me: that indeed were good, if other mens actions were as even as mine. But I give you an advice, which is not to menace a man you can neither hurt nor fright.

*Reasons*

*Reasons of the Authors against  
his Love.*

**I**T is true that it is the thing of all the world that I have loved the most; but it is that also loves me the least. I have a great delight in loving, but it is traversed with a thousand torments. I grieve extreemely to forgoe it, but that is sweetened with abundance of peace. And indeed, how should I preserve that I never well acquired? have I not done my utmost both in the acquisition and preservation? what can I doe more then, after the most I was able? I never loved woman equall to her, but it is better not to love at all, then to love ones vexation, and render a man miserable in the humour of an ingratefull one. She hath at all times sought me, but it hath been to loose me: and those pleasures she hath caused me, have been so short, so thwarted, and so imperfect still, that compared with the painefull afflictions she hath procured me, it hath beene a twinkling of faire weather in the incessant haile of a perpetuall storme; and one drop of sweet water amid the boundlesse extent of a vast sea, brackish and bitter, where the continuall windes and billowes roaring and rowling on each others necke, in their contentions move an eternall tempest, that meets no calme in her embroiles, nor end in the strife of

its perpetuall motions. In a word she's an ingratefull one, that hath done all that ere she could to torment and offend me. And one that hath not worthily acknowledged my affections, but recompenced them with her outrages. Where is the memory of those indignities and those offences which she hath so often done me? Hath she not poorely abandoned me, in favour of my enemies? hath she not taken from me her converse and company to give it them? Hath she not permitted that they have challenged me three or four times, not once or twice, but I say three or four times? And if she shall deny the approving of their actions, her own bearing gives her words the lye. For hath she not since opposed me, to sustain their quarrell? hath she not preserv'd their friendship with the losse of mine? Had she loved her honour, or my life, could she ever have seen again the men, conspired both against the one and the other? And nerethelesse having broken the band of her affections sworn to me, to knit the faster with them, is it not to make seen that she the only approved their actions, but also, that she cōceivd & formd thē before they were produc'd? But since she disavowes others actions, let us look a little into her owne; When honour and the service of my King called me before Saint *Iean*, 3 or 4 daies before I bore my life thither, tell she not out with me on the Eve of my departure, pretending that my visits were scandalous unto her Neighbours? Since hath she not let mee see the weaknesse, and untruth of this her pretence, when she



shee hath permitted him for whom I was turned off, not onely to see her at all houres, but also to take a lodging in the same street, to besiege her in hers, and to hinder the resort of all others thither? There is no more to be said then, of scandall to them of the street, then to those of the *Indies*. Called she me not backe before my going, to the end I carried her figure along with mee in my breast, as I did with so lively an impression, as the practise of so much paines, suffered in so long and laborious a journey, nor the frequent Alarums, of so dangerous a fortune, speeding to the approaches assaults, and bloody sallies, of so many sieges, had ever power to eface the draught? Writ shee not to me that so long an extended absence, could not be compatible with great love, complaining that I testified unto her more courage, then affection? Forced she me not from the beloved place of my birth, and from between my parents armes, wher the contentment of my soule, and good of my affaires required me, here to make me wed vexations, and misfortunes infinite, in hope yet of incomparable happineffe? I knew well the King would come againe, and that I should do nothing here, but take an unprofitable walke of some two or three hundred Leagues for the love of her; But I was passionated with so violent a desire to see her, that I beheld all other things *sans* interest, and deemed the time I passed from her, not onely lost to me, but even that it was death it selfe to forbear her sight. Let us see now, this great good fortune, and this glory so desired, hoped

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for at my return, as end and crowne unto so great a Martyrdome. Tis true that I was welcom'd, well received, and much made on the first day of my arrive; they told mee that they had grieved my absence, and deplored my death that a false bruit had spread, and all, full of other complements and prattles of a woman: but found I not my place possessed by my *Rivall*, and those former favours she had permitted me, and I againe look'd to have had, cut from my hopes, and to another given before my face? Set by those subtilties, the escapes, and the repaires, wherewith so long she entertained and did abuse my too credulous easinesse; the meetings given out of her house, whilst others saw her day by day, not only with all liberty, but *Empiry* also; the irreconcilable enmities, and bloody quarrels she by her imprudence caused me, and her vanity, for yet I would pardon those. But to bestir her so much as she could possibly on all sides, to give unto my enemies the advantages God gave me over them! to say my sword was longer then my Rivals, that he hurt himselfe, and that my Laquay was a liar, when hee recounted the truth of this action, though his wound, and his naturall innocence, in telling of the tale spoke sufficiently for him, and whom she her selfe had given me but the day before, for most trusty! To be sorry that twas said I had the better, and she to say gainst al the world and truth it selfe, I had the worst! to forget her selfe so farre as in opposition of my selfe, overweeningly to dispute a thing, of which she knew

nothing and which *I* my selfe had done! Can it be imagined that a woman worshipped and adored, with so much passion and respect as she; or rather that the waight of all th'ingratitude of women kinde melted together, and reduced in masse, should ere bring forth the effects of so profound a malice? In summe, she turned me off, not for a single friend, but for some five or six, nor yet for such as lov'd her more, or those were better made then *I*, but much, much worse. She hath beene the cause *I* have beene challenged by my friends, that *I* have much neglected my Parents, & estate, that *I* have forborne to follow my King into my owne Country, and seemed to shun those occasions *I* have ever sought; and which is more then all, that *I* have left my self to pursue the injustice, and cruelty of her fond passions, that *I* have preferred her martyrdomes before the sweetest rest, her love, to Gods himselfe, who had made mee happy had *I* served him so as her; where she hath render'd me most miserable still, for having served her better farre then him. To love her then as yet, after all this, were but to be a sot, and no way amorous. Perfidious and most thankelesse Soule, what wrong hath thy unthankfulnesse, and thy faith-breach done to thee! what glories have they ravisht from thy memory! *I* had prepar'd thee a place in heaven, where the luster of thy starre had been adored, saluted, and made known to all mortall kinde, where those that live beneath another Pole, had worship'd thee, even as their chiefest constellation. Thy image and thy

name had beene so venerable to posterity, that our Nephewes had not filled the earth but with thy Altars, nor had perfumed the ayre but with the odours of thy sacrifice; The universe had beene thy Temple where men had preached, but thy vertues, Celebrated but thy praises, and published but thy merits: And thy renowne had been so famous ore the world, as it had found no other bounds, then the extreamity of thats extent, and the eternity of its lasting. And though I could yet heape upon thee as much blame, as the honor I prepared for thee, and satisfie my selfe with as much vengeance as an outraged heart could wish, yet will I not afflict thee with a greater punishment, Then leave thee buried in the abisse of thy owne forgetfulnesse, And not remember mee henceforth of thee, but to detest thy memory.

### The Argument.

*He answers to certaine complaints that Minerva had made some while after, as well to his friends, as himselfe of his indifferance, and sheweth that it was founded on the necessity of obeying her, and upon good reason.*

### Epistle 62.

*Madame,*

**Y**OU cannot think that I wish you ill, but by that you have done me; the feeling whereof I have quite lost, together with the remembrance of what good I wished you. If I should wish you



ill, it should be for that you do unto your selfe;  
and in such case, I should counsell you to forbear  
any further to do it, to the end I ceased further to  
wish it, were you not altogether as incapable of  
my counsels as of my affection. After such things  
as have passed 'twixt you and me, I ought not re-  
taine the least affection that may have regard to  
you, nor any thought that may acknowledge you.  
And if you say that indifference is worse  
then enmity, I knowe it a truth, but you  
must acknowledge that there was not that  
violence by which I did not essayed to en-  
force me thereto, by the which  
I have not endeavored to draw me still therein.  
It is not to be marvelled that I at last have  
performed your will, since my will was ever  
subject unto yours, or rather was indeed no other  
but yours. But what you ought finde strange, is  
indeed, that I can endure your contradiction,  
whilest you can by no meanes endure my obedi-  
ence. When that I liu'd not but in you, and my  
jealousie made me complain of your deport-  
ments, you have full often told me, that I had no  
interest in your actions; wherefore would you  
that I should have now that you are dead as it  
were to me? you have full oft refused your sight  
and entertainment unto me when as it was the  
chiefe and onely one of my desires; Wherefore  
offer you it me now, that it is the last of all my  
cares? And wherefore having so many times fled  
me when that I followed you, doe you now fol-  
low me, when that I flee you; if to it be not to  
make

make seen that you are alwaies contrary, and that your pleasure abides in my tortures? but if you shall reply that I am altogether irreconcilable, I would let you in my place and aske you but this question. If you had lov'd me so as I have ever affected you; and having outraged and discarded you for other women, as you have wrong'd and abandon'd me for other men. I desired to renew affection with you, yet you were dying for other men; would not you bid me first discharge me of the women, for whom I had used you so ill; and that afterwards I should see what you had to doe. So quit you first of such men as you have unworthily preferred before me, and then we will see what reparation you may make me. You say that you finde your fault, and that you repent you of the doing it, and desire to render me satisfied; begin with satisfaction, and having quit the sinne, we will see if you be capable of mercy. But to think that you can at one and the same time, be capable of both, there is never a *Casist* in *Sorbonne* but will condemne your opinion. Yet think not I give you this advice, nor in hope or desire that you should follow it, for knowing that you have ever done quite contrary to such counsels, as I have given you, I should then rather give you this to the intent you followed it not, if I were not very carelesse both of the one and the other. What I say herein, is too manifest that it is not with so much incivility as reaso, that I endeavour to escape your snares, and that it is with more vanity then judgement that you hope to take me there againe. 28 MR 59 *FINIS*.

